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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE Naval Estimates are still before the Cabinet, and no final decision is likely to be taken on the many issues involved until next week. The problem is not merely to fix Estimates, but to devise the taxation which will be necessary to meet the new burdens. On this year's Budget will fall not only the charge of the new Estimates, which at the least will include an "automatic" increase, but also the cost of the Supplementary Estimates required by over-spending in the current year. It looks as if the sum to be found cannot fall much below 53 millions. So much of these commitments are inevitable, that it would not surprise those who have followed the controversy to learn that it has turned not merely on the reduction of expenditure in 1914, but on securing guarantees for 1915. In the country and in the Liberal press, the discovery that the Admiralty has this year spent some millions above the total voted is making a deep impression.

STRONG expressions of opinion have been recorded this week on the side of economy in the most diverse quarters. The Labor Party Congress at Glasgow was, of course, emphatic and unanimous. The opinions of

business men, of whom many must be Conservatives, are made clear in the decided resolutions in favor of economy passed by the Chambers of Commerce of Bradford and Burnley, which have followed the splendid lead of the Manchester Chamber. Bradford had previously decided to allow the letter suggesting a resolution to "lie on the table"—a sign that opinion advances and hardens. A meeting of Liberals in Manchester on Monday which Mr. Hirst carried entirely with him in a vigorous speech against increased estimates is typical of many which have been held all over the country.

MARTIAL law remains in force in South Africa, though every vestige of the strike is over, and is being used to cover extreme punitive measures. The least of these were sufficiently startling. Mr. Creswell was sentenced to a month's imprisonment for issuing a pamphlet "likely to excite ill-feeling." It was in fact an exhortation to avoid violence and to make the strike effective by other means. He has since been released in order that the party he leads may not be without a spokesman in the Parliamentary debate about to open. Five printers in Pretoria have also been sentenced for their share in another leaflet, "calculated to promote disaffection," one of them to two months' imprisonment. On the other hand, the only men, two in number, charged with actual violence (an attempt to cause an explosion), after being tried for their lives, have been found not guilty. The funds of the Amalgamated Engineers have been confiscated, and this is probably not an isolated case. The climax, however, was the secret deportation on Tuesday of ten of the more prominent trade unionist leaders. They were hurried in a special train to Durban and put on board a ship which will touch at no other port until she reaches England.

NONE of these ten men has been convicted of any offence, and some were arrested before the proclamation of martial law. The "kidnapping," to use Mr. Justice Wessels's expression, was so sudden that when asked to make an order restraining the Government from carrying it out, he could only regret that he had not had before him the necessary information on the previous day, as he would certainly have granted the order. The censorship still controls telegrams from South Africa, but it is evident that even there middle-class opinion is not wholly with General Botha. In this country, Liberal opinion is indignant at the illegality of the act. Even the "Times" is critical. The proper and natural indignation of organized Labor in this country found expression at the Glasgow Congress in a strong resolution which urged the Party in Parliament to demand Lord Gladstone's recall. "This," commented Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, "was what we went to war for," and he went on to argue that if communities which share our flag may act so, it were better that they were foreign states outside the Empire than self-governing dominions within it.

It is sometimes stated that no precedent exists for the Imperial Government disallowing an Act of In-

demnity adopted by a Colonial Government after the exercise of martial law. This, however, is not the case. Mr. Keith, in his authoritative work, "Responsible Government in the Dominions," points out that the Colonial Office, in 1867, followed a precedent established in the Irish case of "Wright v. Fitzgerald" by declining to approve a New Zealand Act which was not limited to an indemnity for acts done in good faith in the suppression of the native rising in that Colony, but covered all acts done in the suppression of the rebellion without qualification. The result of disallowing that Act was that "a suitable Act" was passed in 1867, and then allowed. Why should not this course be taken in the present instance?

THE speeches of the week on Ireland have not altered the situation, though they have emphasized the desire of the Home Rulers for peace. Mr. Redmond spoke at Waterford on Saturday, and reaffirmed his view that the goodwill of the dissenting minority was worth purchasing, and at a big price. He concurred in the Prime Minister's three stipulations. Any change in the Home Rule Bill must be consistent with (1) the creation of a Parliament for Ireland with an Executive responsible to it; (2) the immediate settlement of the question; (3) the unity and integrity of Ireland. In a second speech, he said that when Home Rule was passed, the Irish people would be called upon to send into their Parliament steady, sensible, practical business men, and politics, as they had understood them for thirty years, would disappear.

MR. BIRRELL, who spoke at Bristol on Monday, rallied Sir Edward Carson and the Covenanters on their rhetoric about being thrust out of the Constitution under which they and their forefathers lived, as though the Act of Union which was forced on their forefathers was a kind of Magna Charta. It was a wicked thing for people of education and responsibility to ally themselves with the spirit of anarchy. If the Tories came into office, they would soon be discussing a measure only colorably different from that on which they are now threatening civil war. At the close of his speech he made the important announcement that before the Opposition could begin civil war, "Mr. Asquith would have stated to the world the opportunity that had been offered to Ulster, and which Ulster had refused." On the same day, Sir Edward Carson, speaking at Lincoln, said that the "English people were prepared to back up the pledge of their great leader." Mr. Long, on Wednesday, challenged the Government to state their views on the demand for the exclusion of Ulster.

CRITICISM of the Labor Members at Tuesday's Conference of the Labor Party was less severe than had been anticipated. It chiefly amounted to a charge of lack of enthusiasm, with some suggestions that they had neglected opportunities of making themselves disagreeable to the Government. Mr. J. R. MacDonald's defence was fairly strong. He pointed out that a group of forty were really impotent for forcing legislation, and that, even if they could have turned out the Government on some snap vote, they would have only substituted Tweedledum for Tweedledee, and this was not a Labor policy. Both he and Mr. Clynes were on stronger ground in urging that the outside criticism was vague and unformed, ignoring the heavy though unostentatious work done in Committee and otherwise by the representatives. Mr. Clynes dwelt also on the lack of unity and enthusiasm in the main body of the party, a point which, however, may be treated either as effect or cause, according to the temper of the

critic. No doubt Mr. Sanders expressed the feeling of a considerable section when he said that the party ought to differentiate itself from other parties in act as in word, even at the risk of substituting Tweedledum for Tweedledee.

BUT the general tenor of the Conference went to establish three points. The first is that while Labor men have an excellent set of political principles, not by any means confined to purely industrial questions, they have at present no practical, coherent policy which a Parliamentary Labor Party, were it numerically strong enough, could press on Parliament with any hope of success. The second point is that the present interest and enthusiasm of labor lie far less in the field of politics than in the active and incessant warfare of an acute order that is being conducted over the whole area of industry. The third point, and one which Mr. MacDonald pressed as far as he dared (though it is inconsistent with his "tweedle" argument), is that the Government measures which occupied virtually all the time of the House of Commons were measures that are substantially approved by Labor. The Socialist leaders, of course, know well that the vast majority of trade-unionists are supporters of Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment, and of almost all the other items of the Radical programme, for though for purposes of economic tactics they have joined the Labor Party, they remain in conviction ordinary English and Scottish Radicals. Thursday's vote on proportional representation was inconclusive, the majority of the miners' delegates having decided to adopt a neutral attitude on the question.

THE Conference of members of the Woman's Labor League, held at Glasgow on Monday, bore remarkable testimony to the width of vision and humanity among the women leaders of the working classes. For while the attitude of the women upon the urgency of the suffrage question was uncompromising—a large majority demanding that the Labor Party shall oppose any Franchise Bill that does not include women—the resolutions and discussions surveyed the whole field of politics, not only those issues of housing, protection of child life, and industrial legislation which primarily affect women, but those which affect the common body of workers and citizens. Excellent speeches, terse and vigorous, dealt with expenditure on armaments, conscription, the use of physical force in labor disputes, and with the urgent needs for an inquiry into the rise of prices which is the heaviest new grievance of the working classes. The intellectual level of discussion was at least as high as that of the subsequent Conference of the Labor Party.

THE building trouble has not yet by any means attained the dimensions that were expected. There has been no general lock-out or strike, even so far as London is concerned, and there is no probability of the conflict spreading, as was threatened, into the provinces. So far the stoppage has been confined to a few large firms that were members of the London Master Builders' Association, who have already pressed upon their men the obnoxious form of agreement which is the subject of strife. Though the Masters' Association claims to employ from 75 to 80 per cent. of the trade unionists, it is not pretended that the majority of these are out at present, or will be, unless the employers decide to extend the pledge beyond the five trades already involved—bricklayers, carpenters, plasterers, masons, and laborers. The masters pretend to be quite satisfied with the number of men who are said to be willing to sign the agreement,

but the enthusiasm and unanimity of the meetings of the men testify to the solidarity of their opposition.

* * *

MEANWHILE, the usual contradictory statements of the merits of the case are issued. The employers contend that the men have violated the agreements made by their unions to work amicably with non-union men. Since collective bargaining, they urge, is thus impracticable, they have a right to ask individual workers to bind themselves in writing and in penalties. The unions admit a few sectional and unauthorized strikes, but plead that they have done everything in their power to restrain such breaches. They regard the action of the masters as a deliberate attempt to crush out trade unionism. They also contend that individual members of the Masters' Association have broken agreements, and that they are prepared to discuss the strengthening of agreements with collective guarantees upon both sides. The "Times," in a leading article admits that "we cannot expect the men to sign a document surrendering their liberty of action under penalty of a fine."

* * *

THE Coal Strike, after dragging on for a week, and being a source of much alarm, discomfort, and extortion to the poor, came to an end on Wednesday, the men's leaders accepting various concessions agreed upon by the employers, and ordering their members to return to work. Since these concessions were offered at the beginning of the strike and refused by the men, the settlement may be regarded as, upon the whole, a victory for the employers. Though the men's terms were acceded to by Messrs Cornwall and the South Metropolitan Coal Company, the main body of the employers have justified their claim to be the stronger by the fortunes of war. The demand of the men for an additional penny per ton for loaders and carmen has been successfully resisted.

* * *

THE French press is discussing with some alarm the most audacious move which the armaments industry has yet made towards the complete internationalization of the trade in war. Krupps is said to have acquired, or to be on the point of acquiring, the controlling share in the Putiloff works at St. Petersburg. The Putiloff firm has hitherto stood to the Russian Government as Krupp, Armstrong's, and Schneider stand towards Germany, Britain, and France. There was no objection in France to the penetration of the Russian armament trade by British firms, but a German company is in a different position. The Putiloff factory, moreover, possesses many of the secrets of the French Creusot works—a point which is made rather late in the day, for Italy has also bought Creusot guns. It is possible that the Russian Government may now intervene, but there is little doubt that the transfer of these works to Krupp was contemplated and nearly completed.

* * *

THE annual congress of the French Socialists, held this week, was important if only because it precedes a general election. It had to consider its electoral strategy, and to define its attitude towards the Radicals. It answered the question by affirming its will to fight as the main issue—almost the sole issue—against militarism. On this it will go to the country, demanding not only a repeal of the three-years' service, but the conclusion of a Franco-Anglo-German understanding. It is too much disillusioned by the attitude of M. Caillaux's party, since it passed from opposition to office, to consent to enter a Block. But in effect the resolution finally carried meant that, subject to local conditions, the Socialist vote will

usually be thrown in second ballots against the Briandistes, and in favor of M. Caillaux.

* * *

THE Zabern affair has had a tame sequel in the Reichstag. The enthusiasm and unanimity of the earlier debates had vanished, and a hurried discussion served to reveal the fact that the Socialists and the Radicals stand alone in desiring to assert the effective supremacy of Parliament over the Army. A Bill defining the duty of the Army in dealing with the civilian authorities in times of tension will, however, be considered in one of the Committees. In Alsace the feeling of the better officials is clearly that the acquittal of Colonel von Reuter has made their position intolerable. Count Wedel, the Stadthalter, will resign, and, with him, several Ministers. Gossip notes that at a recent reception the Kaiser omitted to shake hands, as he usually does, with the President of the Reichstag, but accorded that honor to the leaders of the Prussian Diet. The discontent smoulders, but it does no more, and in the South the feeling is one of sullen resentment against Prussian domination.

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A QUARREL between the two great German steamship lines plying across the Atlantic—the Hamburg-American and the North German Lloyd—seems likely to involve the British competing companies in a rate-cutting war. The trouble arose with a demand by the Hamburg-American line for a larger share of the business, as assigned by the Conference, in virtue of the new large ships they had turned out. The failure to accede to this demand led the Hamburg-American to break away and to lower third-class rates to and from America. The North German Lloyd, of course, followed, and the British companies have been compelled to follow suit, so far as direct competition from Continental ports is concerned. The question of reducing British rates from this country is under grave consideration. Should the German rate-war go so far as to make it cheaper for Americans to book through to the Continent and to leave the boat at Southampton, such a reduction would be inevitable. Liverpool opinion expects a rate-war as fierce as that of 1904.

* * *

SIR EVELYN WOOD has retired from the position of Chairman of the City of London Territorial Association. It was a fine piece of public spirit to undertake the duties of that post at an age when most men would have considered that they had earned their rest, and with a record of service which none of his contemporaries could equal. It is equally to be regretted that his retirement is associated with the sadness of failure, for even the name and fame of the most distinguished veteran could not apparently induce the City of London to provide its quota for the Territorial Force. It is not very creditable to the public spirit of a community that has not always been as careful as it might to refrain from creating a warlike temper in the world. Sir Evelyn Wood reaffirmed in his speech on resignation his well-known views in favor of compulsory military service.

* * *

AN interesting change has taken place in the world of journalism this week. Mr. Nicholson, the Parliamentary correspondent of the "Times," has been driven, by his disapproval of the extreme methods of policy of the Opposition, to resign that important position. Readers of the Political Notes in the "Times" are well aware of his success in ascertaining and interpreting the movements and changes of opinion in Parliament, and Liberals will be glad to know that he has joined the staff of the "Daily News," and that his experience and his judgment will not be lost to journalism.

Politics and Affairs.

SPENDING AND VOTING.

THE naval crisis has an uncomfortable way of multiplying itself. It is not one large issue which now confronts us, but three. There is first the question of our building against Germany. We are exceeding the standard laid down by Mr. Churchill himself. We are marching under the stress of this single line of competition into over-building and excess. While the rivalry of only one Power confronts us, we have reached the stage at which Mr. Churchill congratulates himself on receiving "incomparably the greatest delivery of warships ever recorded in the history of the British Navy." With no greater stimulus than this, we have to watch the new destroyers arriving one a week, the new cruisers going to their moorings at the rate of one in thirty days, and the super-Dreadnoughts following one another every forty-five days. This is indeed, as Mr. Churchill said, a very "impressive" picture. But the reflection which it has aroused in most minds is that we are building too fast, and setting our standard too high. When we remember that the broadside fired from our later super-Dreadnoughts is nearly double the weight of that which the German equivalents can hurl, that the Dominion ships and the transition ships, the "Lord Nelson" and "Agamemnon," are outside the reckoning, and that the pre-Dreadnoughts are not counted at all, it is probable that the real ratio of our strength as against that of Germany is more nearly three to one than sixteen to ten. But even within the reckoning of the Admiralty, we can observe the ratio by laying down this year two ships instead of the minimum four which it demands. Beyond this question looms the far graver controversy over our "whole-world requirements." Merely to enter on this discussion is to abandon every accepted standard, and every canon of strategy. It is an advance, not merely towards excess, but towards indefinite and unmeasurable excess. It is, moreover, as we argued last week, to contemplate a naked breach of honor. For the ratio of sixteen to ten was not merely a programme laid before Parliament; it was an offer made to Germany, and frankly accepted by her. But beyond these two controversies, there now looms a third. Mr. Churchill has exceeded his estimates in the present year, and exceeded them not by some accidental slip that can be counted in thousands, but by a deliberate policy whose cost must be measured in millions. Parliament will be invited to endorse a policy of spending first, and voting afterwards. That is not merely a naval question and an economic question. It is a grave constitutional issue.

The essential facts about this case of over-spending are two. In the first place, the amount by which Mr. Churchill has exceeded his estimates would seem to be approximately the amount by which the Cabinet reduced them when it first considered them in draft. In the second place, there was no external crisis or danger which might be held to justify a Minister in acting boldly on his own initiative. Taken together, these two facts give the whole transaction a decidedly

ugly look. There was a controversy in the Cabinet last year over the Estimates, if hearsay may be trusted, only a little less acute than that of this year. The Admiralty, it is believed, asked for fifty millions; it was told that it must be content with forty-six. The reduced total was appallingly high. It shocked the House and alarmed the country, and it was voted only because it was known to be a compromise figure. In the event, the Admiralty has torn up the compromise, ignored the vote, and spent all, or more than all, the millions that it originally demanded. The procedure is flagrantly irregular, and it appears on a summary view, to be something less than loyal. The presentation of supplementary estimates under ordinary conditions is an undesirable practice, which confuses finance and distracts control. But these will be supplementary estimates, not for a sum which the Minister desires to spend, but for a sum which he has already spent. The bill must be paid; to all intents and purposes it has been already paid. It is a device by which Parliament and public opinion is robbed of any real power over the national purse. There are one or two doubtful precedents. Pitt gave a subsidy to Prussia in the Napoleonic wars, and came to Parliament after the fact for its consent. We were at war, and delay could be represented as fatal to victory. A worse instance was the over-spending on the Navy, to which the "Manchester Guardian" refers, in 1840, but if we were not then at war, we certainly seemed to be on the brink of war with France over Palmerston's Eastern policy. Mr. Churchill's over-spending is on a larger scale than either of these instances, and it was perpetrated in a year of profound peace, and at a time when our rivalry with Germany has been reduced to measurable limits. There was no new event to excuse it save the failure of Canada to provide her three supplementary ships, and this excuse (which covers only part of the expenditure) cannot be pleaded as adequate, since Parliament has never pronounced itself on the necessity for these ships. If the Commons give their assent to these retrospective estimates, they will make a precedent which will infringe, perhaps fatally, their own right of control. It will never be known what relation estimates bear to the real intentions of a Minister, and what has been done lightly in a year of ease, may be repeated recklessly in a year of panic. That Mr. Churchill gave the House a hint in July that he was over-spending, only aggravates the offence. It means that he took the decision to over-spend while the House was still sitting, and deliberately allowed it to be prorogued, rather than come before it with supplementary estimates.

It is not altogether easy amid so many grave questions to distinguish what is vital from what is transitory. We want an assurance that means will be sought, preferably by the abandonment of the doctrine of capture, to reduce the whole scale of armaments. We want a declaration of policy which will conjure the menace of a "whole-world" standard. We want an honest observance of the sixteen to ten ratio. We are convinced that safety can be secured and the ratio observed by the laying down, not of four ships this year, but of two. With all this, there will still be a ruinous increase

in next year's expenditure, and economists will be performing their usual optimist's manoeuvre of hoping for something better next year. Such assurances as the Admiralty, the Chancellor, and, above all, the Prime Minister, can give will be carefully weighed. But the real guarantee for the future will lie, not in the declarations of Ministers, but in the vote of the House. If it fails by its vote to mark its discontent with the conduct of a Minister who has played with his own ratio, given way to every temptation to extravagance, and withdrawn his spending from its control, there can be no check either upon programmes or estimates. For our part, we believe that the point was long ago reached at which a party of economy must brush aside excuses, and vote against estimates simply because they are greater than it cares to spend upon the Navy. Faced by such an attitude, a Government would learn by hook or crook to find the way of escape by negotiation. But the mischief goes beyond inflated estimates. A Department has attempted to over-rule or circumvent the House. Such evils will repeat themselves unless Parliament makes its protest felt.

THE POLITICS OF LABOR.

AMONG the active rank and file of the Labor Party there undoubtedly exists a considerable amount of dissatisfaction with their Parliamentary representatives. This dissatisfaction is quite natural, and so long as the accusations of inertia, cowardice, and treachery are couched in general terms, they can be made quite plausible. Here is a solid group of forty members, pledged to independent political action for the improvement of the conditions of the working-classes, unable or unwilling to formulate, much less to carry into law, any effective measures for redressing the grievances of low wages, unemployment, and other evils, while they sit, session after session, voting in support of one Government measure after another. Why do they not press upon the attention of Parliament genuine Labor Bills, and why do they not join the Opposition in voting down the sham reforms of which alone a Liberal Government is capable? Let them show the true strength of independence by opposing every Government in succession, until they can wring out of the great contending parties adequate concessions to Labor in payment for their support! These, without doubt, were the notions and the feelings of the critical minority at the Labor Conference this week. But when they sought to give substance and formal expression to them, they were met with crushing rejoinders. A group of forty members, however earnest and well-organized, possessed no power at all to initiate legislation with the slightest prospect of success. The Government was able to monopolize the time of Parliament for their own measures. Even the slight opportunity still left to private members for initiating Bills or raising debates rested on the hazard of a ballot which had gone consistently against them. Again, even admitting that there were a few occasions when a body of forty votes cast with the Opposition might possibly have turned the Government out, was this purely wrecking policy a sound use of independence? Such a

vote must be considered as resulting, not in the overthrow of Tweedledum, but in the elevation to power of Tweedledee. Now, though Labor is hostile to Liberalism, it is equally hostile to Unionism. Why should it play the game of the latter? Such was the reply of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. But surely he overshot his mark by affecting this purely platform attitude of indifference. For if it were really a case of Tweedledum and Tweedledee, there would be great force in Mr. Sanders's insistence that the display of power involved in turning out one Government to put in another equally objectionable, would serve a valuable purpose, and that a Labor Party should always be prepared to define its position at the risk of turning out a bourgeois Government. In the early years of the Liberal Administration, though the Labor Party could not itself legislate, it could and did wring Labor legislation out of the Government. But in these later years, the Government no longer fears their hostility, and therefore needs no longer purchase their support.

A far stronger and worthier answer was, however, open to the Labor members, though it involved the abandonment of the foolish pretence that the two great parties are equally hostile to the cause of Labor. That answer consisted in challenging their critics to name the particular measures of the Liberal Government which it was the interest or the desire of the workers to reject. In fact, the reason why the Labor Party has been able to make so little of a fight against Liberalism has been that Liberalism has gone so far in the direction of a Labor policy. And in saying this we do not merely mean those measures primarily directed to the betterment of the workers, such as the Trades Disputes Act, Employers' Liability for Accidents, Old Age Pensions, Trade Boards, and, in spite of admitted defects, the Insurance Act. But every one of the other great measures, carried through or projected by the Government, Mr. George's great Budget, the destruction of the Lords' Veto, the Home Rule and Welsh Church Bills, the land proposals, and the extension of popular education, are manifestly favorable to the social, political, and economic interests of the workers. Certain features in some of these measures are unpopular with the workers, and the more Socialistic section complains that they do not go far enough. But the vast majority of the two million supporters of the Labor Party undoubtedly approve, not merely the general trend of this Liberal policy, but each separate item of the programme. In face of this fact, how is it possible to condemn their representatives for the constant support they have accorded to the Government, or to contend that they ought to have chosen some opportunity of conspiring with an Opposition, with whom they have no interest in common, in order to place the latter in the seat of authority?

It has never been true that the Liberal Party as a whole has been as unsympathetic to the cause of Labor as the Conservative Party. At the present time it is particularly false. Some grave errors have, in our opinion, been committed by the Government both in the legislative and the administrative fields. But they have been sins against the principles of Liberalism

rather than against those of Labor. Alike in the provinces of definitely industrial legislation, democratic machinery, education, and finance, the Liberal Party is generally committed in sentiment and policy to lines of action which go to strengthen the political and economic status of the working classes. The movement may not be so rapid, so consistent, and so thorough-going as the bolder leaders of working-class opinion would desire. But those best acquainted with the caution and conservatism which always temper popular desires for progress in this country are aware that, though the 35,000 Socialists inside the Labor Party find the pace of political movement too slow, the two millions who comprise the main body of that party do not generally share that view. This wide discrepancy of focus in the political vision of different strata of the Labor Party is, we think, responsible for what element of justice is contained in the charge of want of initiative and constructive energy in the Parliamentary Labor Party. They do not possess a set of thought-out practical proposals that constitute a definite Labor policy, and the composition of their party in the country prevents them from formulating such a policy. Upon the whole, their leaders feel no pressure of necessity to attempt such formulation. For they know that, upon the one hand, there exists no general conscious support for an organized Socialist policy such as would be required to differentiate them from advanced Liberalism, and, upon the other, that there is no early prospect of so large an increase of their numbers as to thrust upon them any responsibility for participation in a government, such as, for example, has occurred in Australasia.

But, besides all these tactical considerations, there remains the important fact that during the last few years the magnitude of the issues in the field of actual industry has relegated political action to a secondary place. Not merely have the struggles of employers and employed assumed greater dimensions, but they have involved a certain change of principle and method. The sudden and general strike has become more and more the avowed method of labor, and its adoption has reversed the tendency to develop methods of conciliation and agreement which marked the previous period. This reversion to the sudden strike is one of the notes of Syndicalism.

The impending struggle in the London building trade is an instructive example of this issue, forced into prominence by the action of the employers' organization in requiring a signed pledge on the part of all employees to work amicably with non-unionists under a pecuniary penalty for infringement of the agreement. Even so conservative an organ as the "Times" finds this a weak ground for a lock-out: "We cannot expect the men to sign a document surrendering their liberty of action under penalty of a fine." The issue, as regards the great majority of masters and of men, still hangs in the balance. But no observer of the general situation in the Labor world can believe it possible that the building or any other trade will accept, in London or elsewhere, this fettering condition. It is all very well for employers to maintain their "right" to conduct their own business in their own way. But, in the long run, they will have to modify their interpretation of this right, and to admit that the labor which is in substance

a part of "their" business must be accorded a voice in the conduct of that business. This is the new principle which is struggling into formulation. The labor employed in a business or an industry is beginning to assert claims that in effect will qualify the absolute property in his business which the capitalist employer has hitherto possessed. The collective labor employed in a factory, a mine, a railway, is beginning to demand a status, a vested interest in the conduct of the business, in the shape of a stable tenure of employment upon reasonable terms of pay and other conditions. Trade union policy will be more and more devoted to enforce this new conception of the rights of labor. It will certainly involve a refusal to work with non-unionists, or what in America is freely known as "the closed shop." To most employers, no doubt, it appears a menace of trade union tyranny, and so it might become if the aspirations of conscious Syndicalism could really triumph. But, in point of fact, this "tyranny of labor" is as impracticable as it would be inexpedient. The real aim of trade unionism is to work towards a new constructive form of business, in which the interests of labor, along with those of capital and the consumer, shall be brought into a stable harmony in the actual control of the business.

MARTIAL LAW AND DEPORTATION.

By deporting ten strike leaders from South Africa, the Botha Government has gone one step further in arbitrary government. If we grant, for the sake of argument, that a strike endangers public peace, and that those exceptional and arbitrary measures, called by the misleading name of martial law, are necessary for the public safety, there remain several degrees of comparison in its exercise. The first degree is the enrolment of a special police, the prohibition of meetings, and the use of arms in the prevention of anything held to be directly leading to crime. The second is the temporary arrest and imprisonment of men suspected of inciting to violence, against whom the ordinary legal proofs are not available. Both these proceedings may be justified by the requirements of public safety if the fear of disorder is well-grounded. In the case of a labor war, a third step is the attack on strike leaders as such, or on those who, like Mr. Creswell, have urged the men to stand firm while at the same time urgently dissuading them from disorder. This step treats a strike as itself a rebellion, and declares war on any militant combination of labor. But it still deals with the present emergency, and can plead that it is suspending the ordinary civil rights only during the period of crisis. The fourth step of deporting a body of labor leaders collectively goes further. It uproots men from their homes and business, not to put them under temporary restraint, but to exile them altogether. It cannot be justified by any temporary necessity, but is an announcement that the Union Government will not tolerate in South Africa men who have advised their fellows to refuse to work under whatever conditions may be imposed on them by their employers.

These actions of the Botha Government expose them,

of course, to proceedings in the ordinary courts. According to the precedents set in South Africa itself, the courts will not interfere with operations under martial law while war is proceeding. This refusal was, in fact, upheld, to the misfortune of British liberties, by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the Marais case in 1902. But the court may require to be satisfied that a state of war exists, and apparently the court which ordered the authorities to show cause in the case of Mr. Creswell was not so satisfied. Furthermore, after the termination of the state of war, the courts are free to inquire into the action of the authorities, and even in the period of South African subjection after the war this was, in fact, done. The only way in which the military and civil authorities can definitely cover themselves against proceedings is by an Act of Indemnity, and such an Act will, no doubt, be required in the present case. The Royal Assent, we believe, has never been withheld from a Colonial Bill of Indemnity since 1867, when a Bill, passed in the New Zealand Parliament, was disallowed, and a more suitable Act was substituted. But the Natal Bill of Indemnity in 1908 was freely criticized as too widely and loosely drawn, and it would certainly be open to the Colonial Secretary to make free observations to Lord Gladstone, not only on the form of any Indemnity Bill, but on his whole action in assenting to the proceedings taken by the Botha Government.

What is needed, however, in our view, is a clearer understanding, even, if necessary, a statutory definition, of these anomalous powers of British Governments—powers which, for all we can see, might quite as easily be set up here as in South Africa. "Martial law" is primarily a method of repelling force by force, and as such has its justification in time of war or of armed rebellion. The Marais case gave it serious and regrettable extension, because in Cape Colony the courts were sitting, and there was no such disturbance as prevented the authorities from bringing Mr. Marais before them and obtaining a conviction, if they could show that he was guilty of anything. The question whether the courts can in fact exercise their authority is the only real test of the necessity of martial law. In the case of Natal in 1906-7, a more serious extension occurred. The rising—if it was a rising—was never more than the most trifling affair, and the Governor himself complained that martial law was maintained "for a period of eight months in a country where there has been neither war nor rebellion." Now comes this case, in which a general strike is treated as equivalent to rebellion. Actual outrages have been extremely few. No evidence has been offered us of any threat of extensive outrage, or even of disorder on any serious scale. Not a shadow of evidence has been produced that the ordinary processes of law were impeded, or that the courts did not do their duty. Law has simply been set aside, and arbitrary government substituted. It is clear from their expressions that the Union Government consider themselves to be acting on precedent—to be treating British workmen as they themselves were treated a dozen years ago. It is clear, moreover, that their proceedings will be used as a precedent elsewhere, not excluding this country. We are in danger of a

relapse into the habit of appealing to force the moment that respect for ordinary liberties becomes in the least degree inconvenient to the governing classes. We need a new definition of the rights of the executive, and we need it not for South Africa alone, but for ourselves and the whole Empire.

DISORGANIZED QUARREL.

MR. BALFOUR once observed that in English domestic politics we are never at peace, and that our whole political organization is arranged in order that we may quarrel. This is a picturesque and dramatic way of putting an important aspect of the party system. That system seems to some people an arrangement whereby its most capable public men are permanently engaged in frustrating each other, to the good of the country if legislation is dangerous, to its harm if legislation is beneficent. Some regard this atmosphere of warfare as the necessary disadvantage of a system which is in itself acceptable because no alternative is offered that does not present disadvantages still graver. But one thing, we think, is certain, and that is that the polemical attraction of politics is declining, and that in the new orientation of interests, there is a growing disposition to look beyond that atmosphere. It is partly that the problems of modern life only half belong to the controversies of tradition; partly that a question that interests more people than any single party question, happens to be outside the party system altogether. But whatever be the truth as to this, there is one conclusion that would seem to follow from Mr. Balfour's aphorism. If our whole political organization is arranged in order that we may quarrel, it is only natural for the nation to expect the quarrels of politicians to be conducted under the ægis of that organization. The Constitution provides an arena in which its politicians may quarrel with as little inconvenience to the public as possible.

The Unionist Party, having enjoyed an unusually long lease of power, seemed to think when the Liberals came into office eight years ago that quarrelling was the one business of an Opposition. Mr. Nicholson, a very close observer, whose insight and judgment have been proved on several important occasions, contributes to the "Nineteenth Century" a remarkable article, tracing the history of that party since 1906. There had not been such a decisive victory at the polls within the memory of any man sitting in the House of Commons or the House of Lords, and yet the Government's measures could not have been treated with less respect by the House of Lords if the Government's majority had been in one figure. The climax came with the rejection of the Budget, an act of aggression that obviously summoned the nation's attention not only to the Budget, but to the powers of the House of Lords as well. That must have been clear to the lightest head among those who voted for rejecting the Budget. We know what followed. The two elections of 1910 might have seemed a sufficiently drastic lesson to a party. It does not often happen that a party loses three elections in succession, and when this happens, it is as well to consider whether the affairs of

the party have been conducted with judgment. But the Unionist Party learnt nothing. They changed their leader, but not their method, until at last their habit of quarrelling has brought them to repudiate the conditions of civilized government, and to warn the nation that they intend to pass now from organized quarrelling to disorganized quarrelling, and to do what they can to break the public peace. At the time when the public taste is less and less for fighting, and more and more for the serious treatment of social questions, the Unionist Party offers it the wild excitement of civil war. The unhappy nation is to suffer this supreme calamity, because the Opposition cannot restrain their warlike feelings any longer, although under the important reform carried by the Government, increasing the Opposition's opportunities of learning the wishes of the country, a General Election must take place next year.

We are not surprised that a levity which seems scarcely distinguishable from madness should have driven out a responsible and far-seeing politician like Mr. Nicholson. We suspect that he represents a considerable following of Unionist opinion. The consequences of this position are obvious enough. If a party that represents the classes fortified behind established institutions, possessing immense power of all kinds, controlling the administration not merely of politics, but also of law, is justified in resorting to anarchy because it disagrees with the decision of the last election, what conceivable argument can be addressed to classes that have no power but the power of numbers, should they decide to resort to the same method for objects much more intimately associated with their lives and happiness? There must be a great many persons in this country whose lot, to put it mildly, seems to them not less intolerable than the lot of Sir Edward Carson's friends under a Home Rule Parliament, and if organized quarrelling is not good enough for Lord Londonderry and Mr. Bonar Law, why should it satisfy Mr. Tom Mann or Mr. Ben Tillett? A Tory who did not see what he was doing in welcoming the rejection of the Budget might still have eyes for the dangers into which his leaders are tempting him by their preaching of civil war. He might also reflect that his party is repeating, in a far graver form, the blunders of the last ten years, that instead of contributing to the settlement of questions, it finds its only occupation in the tactics of violence.

The Irish question is preeminently a question for settlement by consent. The position differs widely from the position in 1886 and in 1893, when the Unionist Party thought that by rejecting Home Rule and pursuing other reforms they could get rid of the Irish question. Some Unionists may think that still, but they are a minority of the Unionists who think at all on the subject. It is recognized on all sides that the Government of Ireland presents a problem, and that that problem will have to be taken in hand, whatever Government is in office. Some Unionists propose to treat it on the lines of a Federal settlement, and many Liberals incline to that solution. We have never disguised our view that this must be kept in mind as the ultimate object of any reorganization of the Constitution. But the important point to note is that while one party is talking

of civil war, the other party is ready and anxious to consider means of securing the people of Ulster against any risk of oppression. Mr. Redmond reaffirmed last Saturday his desire for a settlement that would bring all Irishmen together to co-operate in the pressing and difficult problems of Irish life. Mr. Birrell has made a series of conciliatory speeches, and we are glad to note that he stated at Bristol that Mr. Asquith would make known the concessions that had been offered to Ulster. To the ordinary man, the question has reached the stage of negotiation. It is no longer a battle of war-cries, the betrayal of the Empire, the disruption of the Empire, the dollar dictator, Fenian Government, and the rest. All that phase is dead. It is a question now of the forms and adjustment that are necessary to safeguard the liberties of a minority. The bye-elections reveal no temper or terror or indignation. For the ordinary Englishman sees in the Irish question a question about which it is no longer necessary to quarrel fiercely even within the Constitution. He has no use for a party that can only offer him a battle outside it.

Life and Letters.

COMMON SENSE.

WHEN we commend a person for the possession of "sound common sense," or envisage a situation from "a common-sense point of view," what is it that we mean? What is this "common sense?" It often appears to be a humble species of intuitive genius, a power of reaching the right result in the practical affairs of life independently of any process of reasoning or exact reflection. But it is not really akin to intuition. So far as it is concerned either with getting at "the truth," or with devising the best means of attaining an end (and it is largely concerned with both these processes), it is founded on the authority of the five senses, and proceeds not by mystical speculation, but by just inference. And yet neither in its *modus operandi* nor its ends is it fully rational. It is primarily engaged in applying the common stock of knowledge acquired by the direct contact of one's physical self with the material environment, including other selves, to the attainment of certain obvious, proximate, and, in the main, material ends of one's own. From this distinctively egoistic and materialistic starting-point, we may proceed to enlarge the scope of its operations until we reach the limits of the definition which Mr. C. E. Hooper lays down in the thoughtful little treatise just published by Messrs. Watts & Co. for the Rationalist Press Association. "Common sense is that part of the whole process of consciousness, and of the whole complex of personality which tacitly infers the existence of self and surrounding objects, conceived as singular, concrete, and fundamentally material entities, and which also tacitly infers so much of the character of the things and persons which come within range of our individual experience, and so much of our own powers of action as enable us to act towards those things or persons in ways efficacious for the attainment of the more obvious and commonly accepted, rather than of the more momentous, or ideal, ends of life."

We are now able to recognize the divergence of the common-sense view from that of culture, science, and philosophy. Common sense is closely "practical" in its valuations and procedure, and its conception of the practical eschews all general conceptions, whether in the shape of scientific laws or abstract ideals or speculative theories about life or nature. To common sense all

things are ultimately what they seem, provided the so-called "seeming" is common and consistent. The attitude of common sense to science is characteristic. It is not hostile to science, even when the latter corrects some of the illusions of common sense, but it insists upon applying to the sciences its own test of utility, which eschews culture, or the satisfaction of intellectual curiosity, as possessing no "utility." This opposition to "disinterested" culture, whether in the fine arts, science, or philosophy, is not, however, merely due to a narrow and too materialistic a conception of utility. It is still more due to a distrust of the methods of intellectual procedure which these forms of culture employ. Common sense distrusts science on account of the over-conscious and elaborate methods of inference which it employs. For common sense, as Mr. Hooper's definition rightly asserts, rests in tacit, or at best half-conscious, inferences. This is no condemnation of it from the true standpoint of reason. Indeed, it is evident that most of the value of common sense depends upon the swift, easy, and accurate ways in which the mind uses the whole fund of "common" knowledge for reaching inferences and judgments without clear perception of the inner processes employed. Most of the persons who may be relied upon to give the best advice in a knotty point of conduct are not persons of refined culture, "intellectuals," or philosophers. They are persons of humbler dispositions and attainments, who do not greatly concern themselves with ideas, theories of life, or even causes. Why is this? Mr. Hooper is unwilling to acknowledge any intrinsic opposition between common sense and science or philosophy, and rather insists that common sense ought to fortify itself with these larger and more elevated outlooks. Common sense does, indeed, from age to age adjust itself to the new results of science. Modern science, he holds, has really "rationalized" common sense by imposing a fuller implicit acceptance of order or causation in Nature. So the common sense of the civilized modern man differs greatly from that of the savage. But the chief need, he urges, is ethical wisdom. For common sense, rooted in the senses, is unable to evolve and apply a sound standard of human values. "Common sense assures us that some things are good and worth striving for; that some things are simply dangerous and need to be shunned; that some dangerous or antagonistic things have to be encountered and, where possible, overcome. The higher or ethical wisdom of life endeavors to determine what things really ought to be pursued, shunned, and opposed respectively, or when and how they ought to be pursued, shunned, and opposed."

Now, in these judgments, we are by no means sure that full justice is done to the case for common sense. It is significant that common sense has always claimed that its intellectual procedure and its moral standards were adequate to the sane purposes of human life. And granting its premisses, it is not so easy to convict it of error. The upholder of common sense does not deny that men of science, intellectual experts, and philosophers can get larger laws and wider outlooks than any which he attains, or that reformers, saints, and enthusiasts may get satisfaction and fulfil some great human purpose in following the bent of their nature. But he is averse from committing himself to such intellectualism or such emotionalism. Even if he had the mental aptitude, or felt the emotional temptations, he would repress them as dangerous to a sane balance of mind. For it is "sanity" that common sense is always seeking to safeguard. Literary and artistic culture it secretly regards as a species of insanity, which, by over-emotionalizing people, or entangling their minds in ideas conveyed in words and removed from personal experience, carries them into capricious, foolish, or disastrous ways of life. Philosophers, and even men of science, are engaged in getting away from the warm, concrete, individual facts of life and the world, and in substituting for them abstract laws, or truths which are not "really" true, inasmuch as they do not hold exactly of any single case. It is partly this atmosphere of remoteness from the individual and concrete, and partly the still more dangerous emotion which is

rife in the intellectual world, that repel the common-sense man and make him, to some extent, the enemy of higher education. He is half afraid that culture may impair his common sense. And there is something in his fear. The man of "sound" common sense, whose observations are keen and his inferences and judgments swift and accurate, may suffer damage by half-baked or even whole-baked culture which forces into consciousness all his mental processes and drives him continually to adjust his natural standards of valuation to the higher standards of rational culture. Everyone knows instances of keen, untutored minds, which beat out for themselves from the hard experience of life, a far sounder and more serviceable wisdom than any they would be likely to have got from books or intercourse with intellectual society.

Nor can it be assumed, as Mr. Hooper seems disposed to do, that common sense really possesses no standard of human values, other than that of proximate material utility. On the contrary, we hold that his whole treatment is defective in not assigning sufficient importance to the moral aspects of common sense. Indeed, we should be disposed to insist that, primarily, it is not a process of tacit inference so much as a moral sensibility, chiefly relating to qualities of human character. For the crucial tests of common sense are nearly always in the sphere of moral conduct, and depend upon a skilful and just estimate of how other people will feel and act in a given contingency. And it is precisely here that the distrust of intellectualism, specialism, and enthusiasm are seen to have a certain validity. For what is needed in such judgments is balance of mind and cool sagacity. Now, apart from this particularist bias which is involved in absorbing oneself in a special branch of intellectualism, the general rationalist bias is often fatal to sound estimates. It becomes almost impossible for a man, accustomed to close regard for evidence and exact reasoning, to conceive how little conscious reason operates in most of his conduct of life. So it happens, for example, that in practical politics the ablest thinker is often the worst electioneerer. The only bias that can compete for strength with that of rationalism is that of the reforming idealist, whose enthusiasm often misleads him into a complete distortion of the relative values of all human interests and motives, and impels him to give out the maximum of effort with the minimum result in influencing his fellow-men. Indeed, though it is by no means a true account of genius in the purely creative arts or in speculative thought, it may well be urged that, in the world of business, politics, or social endeavor, genius is little other than an elevated common sense, and that the success of great men in these departments of conduct is due, primarily, to their reliance for all really critical valuations and judgments upon tacit inferences rather than upon fully reasonable calculations. Perhaps the greatest of all problems of education is to utilize without impairing this common sense. This can best be done by intellectual persons ceasing to disparage and despise common sense, and instead adopting it as the form to which all general processes of popular education should adjust themselves. For, in such education, what is chiefly needed is to feed the mind with a large common stock of knowledge based on accurate personal observation, and to accustom it to a use of such knowledge for dealing with concrete problems of life which shall by practice become less and less obtrusively conscious.

HOW THINGS SHOULD BE DONE.

His breakfast was charming in its simplicity, as usual, but none the less, Mr. Clarkson, of the Education Office, was ill at ease. Instead of the "Times," which he took for its Literary Supplement, he had open before him a little blue-grey book, called "How to Become Efficient." It was published by Messrs. Werner Laurie, and the author was Mr. Sharper Knowlson, who appeared to be an American, though his theme was applied to this country. By some mistake or stroke of

irony, the "Pallas" had sent it to Mr. Clarkson for review, in place of the minor poets and classical studies which he usually received. With his unfailing conscientiousness, he had read it the night before, and in consequence woke with a vague feeling of uneasiness, the cause of which he detected when he saw the book lying on his writing table after he had dressed.

He disliked everything American, and despised the ideal of efficiency as incompatible with charm. Efficiency seemed to him a banal sort of thing, and for some reason he connected it with the "strenuous life." That called up a photo he had once seen of Mr. Roosevelt addressing his caucus, or Tammany Hall, or something of that kind. He had read in the book that efficiency is the question in the States, but was not yet an enthusiasm in commercial Europe. To kindle that enthusiasm in England, the change must be "drastic," and oh, those drastic people, what a vision of insensitive vulgarity their adjective called up! Yet the change was certainly coming, and no aspect of life would escape. "Efficiency," he read again, "takes every fact into account; the position of a machine in relation to its output; the improvement of the machine itself; and the wages, the home, and the recreation of the machine-man himself." What a sentence! What a prospect! He was always rather particular about his butter, and now it was turned to engine-oil.

He remembered that even worse remained behind. Opening the book again, and glancing at a page that described the House of Commons as "the most extravagant and inefficient body of men who were ever dubbed with the name of directors," he found the passage which had pained him more acutely even than such a style. He had always regarded the Civil Service as a justifiable profession. Even the Socialists admitted that. In fact, when the State owned everything, everyone would be a Civil Servant. And yet here was this Mr. Sharper Knowlson declaring that "the Civil Service is the greatest problem efficiency has to face," and announcing as his reason that every Civil Servant realizes he is an endowed person, representing Power and Order, having no outside competition, and secure of his bread and butter, if he keeps the proprieties. "Consequently," the unpleasant writer continued, "there arises a Service atmosphere and tradition so strong that no man can break it easily," and efficiency is frustrated.

Though the mention of security in bread and butter hurt Mr. Clarkson most, the whole passage was very painful. It recalled another sentence which he had marked with a shuddering line—something about "the average man of industrious habits who desires to obtain a moderate competency on which to retire." What a hideous average! What a miserable result for so fine a thing as life! And yet, in what did he himself differ from that average man? Between the hours of ten and five, his habits might very fairly be called industrious, and, if he kept the proprieties and lived to a certain age, he would quite certainly obtain a moderate competency on which to retire. The only difference between him and that average man was that in his case there was no risk, no anxiety, about that competency (loathly word!). Even from that amount of adventure he was excluded.

"This won't do!" he exclaimed, rising with his coffee-cup in one hand and addressing his own reflection in a Georgian looking-glass over the fireplace: "This fellow isn't altogether banal. He recognizes that life is an art. At the very beginning he says that all men try to be artists nowadays—a daring statement—and throughout the book he seems to make out that we may become artists by ordering our existence. He even gives concrete suggestions for eliminating waste substances and waste movements, which he considers the obstacles to efficiency—like the Civil Service."

He smiled bitterly, and as his landlady entered with the tray, he said: "I wish to make a few changes, Mrs. Wilson."

"I'm sorry I don't give satisfaction, sir," she answered, stiffly.

"No, it is I who don't give satisfaction," he

replied; "I want you to remove the waste substances of the jug and basin from my bedroom, please. I shall in future wash and shave in the bathroom exclusively."

"Begging your pardon, sir," she said, still more stiffly, "but a bedroom wouldn't seem to me hardly proper without them articles on a washstand."

"And I want you, please, to ask your lodger upstairs," Mr. Clarkson went on, "if we could come to some arrangement for avoiding waste of both kinds by combining our meals."

"Don't you do it, sir! I ask it of you," cried Mrs. Wilson, persuasively; "he's not the same as you, sir, my other lodger isn't. You see, he's not quite a gentleman, though he behaves as such. He always keeps eating what he calls unfired food, and not a drop of tea nor of coffee will he take for fear of the boiling water!"

A stout washerwoman came panting through the door, and having deposited a large basket in Mr. Clarkson's bedroom, panted back.

"That looks like waste movement. Is that laundress efficient?" Mr. Clarkson murmured, deliberately.

"Six, and buried three," Mrs. Wilson answered like an arithmetic-book; "and that's more than what some on us can say, begging your pardon, sir."

"Couldn't we devise a rope and pulley to draw up the basket from the street to the window?" Mr. Clarkson inquired. "That would augment our general efficiency."

"I'm not going to have the house turned into a scaffold-pole, sir, nor yet a gallows either," Mrs. Wilson answered, with unusual firmness. "Efficiency's neither here nor there."

"True—too true; it is not," said Mr. Clarkson, with a desponding sigh. And carefully brushing his tall hat, he set out for the office.

"The book says the only method of securing reform in the Civil Service is to begin with the individual, but I wish I'd never read the plaguery thing," he thought to himself when he arrived, saw the porter loading up the passage fire, and wondered whether he dared tell him to promote efficiency by putting the coal-scuttle on a chair and keeping his back straight. He did not dare, but remembering another sentence in the book, which said, "What efficiency wants to know is how much weight to put on the shovel," he asked the lift boy how many people he was allowed to take at once. He felt that he was thus complying with a certain Railroad President's "fifteen-word definition" quoted in the book: "The aim of Scientific Management is the detection and elimination of false effort." But when the boy instantly answered, "Four, plus self," he did not seem to have advanced any further towards promoting the artistry of life.

"Never mind," he thought, "one has to begin with one's own sphere." He had never been conscious of representing Power and Order, but as he sat down at his desk again, he did perceive a Service atmosphere, and wondered how on earth he could break through it. Everything was perfectly arranged as usual. The reports, the papers, the statistics had all come in, as they always came; nothing was in the least likely to require more effort or less effort to-day than yesterday or to-morrow. Talk about a machine-man! Was he not that already? If Mr. Sharper Knowlson really knew the Civil Service from the inside, would he not mitigate the sting of his remarks? There was no obvious point at which an apostle of efficiency could begin. He turned as usual to the wire basket in one compartment of which his official correspondence was heaped up. The other two compartments stood empty to receive his personal answers and the annotated letters he left for the clerk and typist to deal with.

As he began to work, his colleague, Mr. Stillwell, came in, and sat down to his basket in the same way. He was an older man, whose industrious habits, observation of the proprieties, and power of keeping alive had almost obtained for him the moderate competency on which to retire. After the customary greeting, Mr.

Clarkson took his courage in both hands and said: "Look here, Stillwell, don't you think we could manage with one basket between us?"

"What's that you're saying?" asked Mr. Stillwell, indifferently, for on the letter-scales he was just balancing a giant potato he had brought up from his suburban garden.

"You see," Mr. Clarkson went on, "we could sort out our own letters easily enough, and the same typist deals with those that aren't posted."

"My dear Clarkson, what's the matter with you?" asked Mr. Stillwell, turning his eyes from the potato to his colleague.

"Oh, nothing," said Mr. Clarkson, apologetically;

"I was only thinking of efficiency."

"Efficiency?" gasped Mr. Stillwell; "Look here, if you've been joining the Fabians, you'd best return, and all will be forgiven."

Mr. Clarkson felt the thrust, for he was sometimes tempted to call himself a Fabian, because that party engaged in no political activity that could possibly militate against his official position. But concealing the wound, he repeated cheerfully, "Well, but don't you think we could do with one basket? I don't want to bore you, but efficiency demands that all waste should be abolished, and one must begin somewhere."

"Have you been overworking, or what?" said Mr. Stillwell, growing irritated; "You know as well as I do it's a rule of the office that each of us has his own basket, and what's the matter with it?"

"In reforming the Civil Service, we must start with the individual," Mr. Clarkson answered, "and this is an affair for us individually. As a matter of bare fact, as it is called, couldn't we do perfectly well with one?"

"And run the risk of getting our correspondence mixed?" said Mr. Stillwell bitterly, as he spread his letters in front of him.

"A little risk in our work might be actually advantageous," Mr. Clarkson urged; "'Live dangerously,' says the philosopher."

"Upon my word," said Mr. Stillwell, "the nonsense you talk is sometimes positively bewildering, if you will allow me to say so. I've had my own basket thirty years in this office, and, by God's grace, I shall have my own basket to the bitter end."

"Why do you call the end bitter?" Mr. Clarkson inquired, and a vista of unbroken years extended drearily before him. But having packed the potato in a cardboard box, Mr. Stillwell settled down to his correspondence, and no more was said.

When Mr. Clarkson reached home at six o'clock, the landlady met him in a rather flustered condition.

"I went to tell my other gentleman about your asking to have your meals together," she said, "and I found him breathing deep, which he says is to control his passions, I can't think for why, and he ups and answers that if he wants to see a carnivore devour putrifying carcasses he goes to the Zoo, begging your pardon, sir, for repeating them disobliging words, and then he starts breathing deeper than ever, and I've not took away the crockery from your bedroom, sir, because I've got nowhere else to put it."

Mr. Clarkson, with a sense of frustrated endeavor, turned to his piano for consolation. "It is a good thing," he thought to himself, "Mr. Sharper Knowlson tells us in his peculiar style that 'efficiency is not to be applied to matters of soul.' I can't call to-day exactly a success, but at all events I've learnt it isn't only the beautiful that is hard."

"GOD'S CRUCIBLE."

THERE are plays enough in the world's repertory that deal with the call of nationality. They lie in wait for the student in all the more inaccessible languages of Europe. You may take your choice between Irish and Modern Greek, and among the dramatists one must reckon the crowned heads with the men who died by

hanging. On these shelves of the library slumbers the romantic tradition, nodding uneasily since it exchanged its brigand's disguise for a neat uniform. There is little fresh inspiration, one fears, to be drawn from it to-day. Men will go on shooting and being shot for nationality, but the singing is commonly over when the shooting is done by trained troops in volleys. But there are virgin possibilities in the opposite idea. It is not, indeed, a new idea, and it has already gone through many incarnations. Anacharsis Clootz had a notable way of preaching it, but there was no drama in it. The brotherhood of man and the fusion of races, for all its claims as an ethical conception, has inspired little in literature above the level of didactic verse, and its dulness in literature is paralleled by its sterility in action. It has set no armies marching; it has nerved no regicide's arm; one cannot even say of it that it has turned a thumbscrew. It was for something less and more than the brotherhood of man that the Dutch cut their dykes, and the Russians burned Moscow. It is doubtful whether it can even claim the guillotine as its invention. And yet in the modern world it has clashed with the idea of nationality, and their conflict must somewhere have developed drama. The patriot of one of the minor races of Central Europe who turns from his cult of nationality to embrace Socialism must experience something of it—the Czech artisan who sings the "International" with German "comrades," the Magyar who joins himself to Slavs, those Russians who, mid-way in the Manchurian war, publicly fell on the necks of the Japanese delegates at the Amsterdam Socialist Congress. To all of these the stark intellectual idea of human brotherhood has appeared as a living force which could tame the nerves, bridle the speech, and vanquish the insurgent blood of a body cradled in the mother-thought of nationality. There came, however, no drama out of this. Mr. Zangwill, for the first time, has found it in the situation of a Jewish immigrant in New York.

It is a great theme which has made the idea of "The Melting-Pot." The early nineteenth century thought of romance as a blind bat which haunted ruins by twilight. Its romance clung to the Old World as ghosts will haunt a mouldering house. But what a romance of broad spaces and daring wills belongs to the New World. For it, what ships have left a fear to chase an illusion. What quest of Holy Grail was ever more devout than the pursuit of freedom in which generations have crossed the Atlantic? There is no ending to that pilgrimage of boats, and the last emigrant ship from Hamburg laden with Russian Jews chases the same rainbow as the English "Mayflower." The States open their doors to these children of Israel, and the problem that begins for them is not the conquest of the Philistines, but the struggle between the nationalist idea that comes with them from darkened Ghettoes, and the new thought of fusion and brotherhood with all the millions of mankind who, with them, have voyaged after freedom and fortune. How much of the old isolation will survive the new conditions? Will there be Gentile and Jew where all are equal citizens of a Republic? When the Jew meets the peasant of Connaught and the Armenian of Turkey, will each still remember the secular division, or blend into a new race of freemen with all the proletariat which has fled from feudal villages and unfree towns? We seldom hear these questions asked, save in accents of regret. Something must be lost in the process of fusion and assimilation. The literary man instinctively laments. He is always the man with the muck-rake, who is sure of the value of the fragment fallen in the dust. The Jew of Mr. Zangwill's play has seen the crown above him, and thinks of fusion not as loss but as gain, a something positive, a realization of brotherhood.

A more conventional dramatist than Mr. Zangwill would present the conflict between the idea of race and the idea of brotherhood in a form more dialectical. Mr. Zangwill makes of it a moving personal drama. He shows us a typical Jewish family in New York which presents the three phases of assimilation—or shall we rather say fusion. The old grandmother, brilliantly played at the performance of "The Play Actors" by Miss Inez Bensusan, is a wizened crone, who speaks only Yiddish, pores over her Hebrew books, and puts all the force of

her hardened yet emotional nature into the minute observance of every jot and tittle of the ceremonial law. Her home is still a Ghetto of the Russian Pale, though fate and family ties have transported her to New York. Her son, Mendel Quixano, is a second-rate musician, polished into an outward conformity with Gentile manners. He reluctantly gives his piano-lessons and conducts his theatre-orchestra on the Sabbath, forgets the ritual about food and household tasks, or observes it only to please the old lady. But he uses "Gentile" as a term of abuse, and is sincerely horrified at the thought of a mixed marriage between a Jew and a Christian. His nephew, David, belongs to the younger generation. He came to the land of promise while still a lad. He thought of the Old World behind him as nothing but a nightmare of massacres and oppressions. He is on fire with the idea that the States, with all their turmoil of mingling races, are "God's crucible," in which Latin and Teuton, English and Irish, Jew and Gentile, are to be fused by love and liberty into a great new race of free men. He is the idealist Jew whom we have learned to reverence in so many of Mr. Zangwill's books, and he is also the artist Jew. His imagination, on fire with this dream, translates it into the great music of an American symphony.

Here is the material of the drama, and conflict comes, of course, when a fascinating Christian lady, herself a revolutionary exile from Russia, falls in love with David. Mr. Zangwill wholly refuses to base the difficulty on any atavistic scruple in David's brain. Nor will he present as venerable or enthralling the traditional ties which hold him to the religion of his fathers. He relegates all that to the comic relief. Instead of the awful shadow of a world-old religion, he gives us little but its rather ridiculous conventions. The old lady comes skipping over the stage in a false nose, while David, to humor her, plays a Purim jig. The conflict arises from David's past. As a boy in Kishineff, he had seen mother, father, and sister slaughtered in the pogrom; he still carries a bullet in his shoulder-blade, and there haunts him with all the realism of a hallucination, the face and form of the Russian officer who presided over the massacre. With this hideous background, there inevitably develops a Romeo and Juliet situation. The officer was his Russian fiancée's father, a military reactionary of the old school, stiff with honor and prejudice, talking to women as if they were recruits on the drill ground, and poisoned to the roots of his Christian soul with a Jew-hatred that saw red. David is presently confronted in the flesh with the face of his hallucination, and in the strain of the encounter forgets his dreams of the melting pot, abandons Vera, and returns to his family and the false noses and the Purim jigs. It is the performance of his symphony in the last act which brings him back to his immigrant's dream. From a high New York roof-garden he sees "God's crucible" again as the sunset reddens the multitudinous city, and the memory of hate falls from him as Vera, the butcher's daughter, gives him the Easter kiss of peace.

It is a deeply interesting and original play that Mr. Zangwill has written round this novel theme. He draws from it, especially in the third act, some powerful and moving situations. Drama there is in it, tense and stirring, and almost too piquant. So much of it is strong and sincere that one resents, perhaps unduly, its obvious weaknesses. The first act is a mere preface, and the last a mere conclusion, and both are below the technical level of the rest of the play. There is in some of the dialogue so much of Mr. Zangwill's incisive illuminating wit that one regrets the lapses into conventional humor when the Irish maid-servant is on the stage. More difficult to explain in the work of a writer whose sense of the ridiculous is so uncomfortably keen, is the crudity of David's rhetoric, when he gives way to an almost lyrical enthusiasm before the Stars and Stripes. It may be true to life. A very young man, half-educated, and suddenly transplanted from the Ghetto of Kishineff into the shadow of the Statue of Liberty, would be quite likely to talk in this simple-minded and bombastic way. But the hearer smiles rather painfully at such *naïveté*. It is

again quite in keeping with probability that a youth who had come with mind seared and nerves shattered out of a pogrom, should behave with little dignity and give way to an emotion which seemed, as Mr. Chapin played it, decidedly neurotic. But the more this pathological element is emphasized, the less impressed are we by the idea of the play. "God's crucible" is apt to sound like the cry of over-wrought nerves. It ceases to be a grandiose idea, and becomes instead the emotional counterpart to the pogrom. No less does one feel that Mr. Zangwill evades something of the deep interest of his problem when the obstacle to the fusion of the two lovers in the "melting-pot" is not in the crisis the ideal barrier of creeds and traditions, but the accidental coincidence that the butcher of Kishineff was the Christian Vera's father. What "The Melting Pot" loses here as a drama of ideas, it gains, however, as a play of passion. Much of its best work lies beyond these criticisms—the dainty satire of the Baroness's portrait, the strong and rather savage drawing of the Russian Baron, the wholly delightful if more conventional sketch of a German musician, three parts which stimulated Miss Scaife, Mr. Leyton, and Mr. Alderson to finished and spirited renderings. The play is evidently too good for the British public to see, but we are not sure that it was quite good enough for Mr. Zangwill to write. His wit and his idealism give it movement, sincerity, and life. It has keen observation, and rises to a sustained dramatic crisis. Its weaknesses mean uneven workmanship, and a flagging of the critical instinct rather than any failure of inspiration. It is, when all is said, a new thing in the world's repertory, a play round an idea that had lain sterile before, a genuine act of creation.

BADGER-DIGGERS.

AN untidy procession is crossing the fields by the foot-path. A young farmer and a professional man obviously out for a spree, two or three laborers in corduroy with spades, five or six large-limbed lads, with both hands in their pockets, and some terriers trotting soberly, off the leash or on, one couple manacled together by the neck. It is a beautiful morning, and they are off to kill something. The dogs are the only sportsmen of the party, for they feed fat a grudge, partly ancestral, partly built upon instinct by human interference, against the animal to be killed. The men and youths without spades will derive a day's keen satisfaction from owning and witnessing the valor of the dogs who will beard the beasts in their den and engage face to face in fierce blood-letting battle, appearing now and then to give their owners gruesome confirmation of their courage. The spadesmen will merely dig out the contestants so that there shall be no doubt as to the issue of the fight. If there is anyone who wishes to be rid of his badgers, these are the people to oblige him and take the virtue of their deed in sole payment.

But why should we wish to be rid of our badgers? The badger is nearly a bear, but by its size, timidity, and rarity, it is less harmful than the tiniest of Teddy bears. It eats a few blue-bell bulbs in spring, a little wild fruit in autumn, some beetles, some slugs, some worms, quite a number of wasps' nests, as well as humble-bees' nests, naked mice from their nurseries of woven grass, and such young birds and rabbits as may come in its way. Badgers are vegetarians and insectivores, grown a little large for their work, and so amplifying their diet with such white meat as they can come by. It is not doubted that a very fortunate or rash badger will avail himself of the rare opportunity that offers to eat chicken. His most malignant enemy, however, will not attempt to place on his shoulders one tithe of the crime of this sort that the fox has to bear. And the fox is not dealt with in this ignoble way for his chicken-thievery. He is the little gentleman in red who must never be killed by less than a thousand pounds' worth of dogs, with horses galloping ruinously and all the pomp and circumstance of war. So, chicken-thievery is not

the crime for which a farmer is asked to deliver up his badgers. Our Nimrods have this year a startling indictment against him. They say that out of the sheer wickedness of his heart this wilful beast delights in rolling upon standing corn, thus flattening it and preventing it from being reaped. The Japanese make of their badger an exceedingly intelligent and spiteful wizard, and they punish him for his wicked magic in even a crueller way than we have done and some of us still do. They have the grace to mix up the allegation of plain animal mischief with stories of pure fantasy. The people in this country who, for purposes of their own sport, father the work of the storm on the badger, are the same people that affect to laugh when the sacred pheasant is detected pecking at mangolds.

For many generations the badger has been the scapegoat of human cruelty. Its long persecution and its natural intelligence have made it the wariest of all our wild animals. In America, where, no doubt, the Red Indians treated it with toleration or without the cruelty that is demanded by sport, the badger is quite often seen abroad by day; but with us, it has become entirely nocturnal in habit. It chooses the most secret place for its habitation, and keeps itself so quiet that only the most knowing of people learn of its whereabouts. The man who sets himself the task of outwitting the badger and not of digging it out, finds a worthy antagonist. The ancient and more honorable way is to call at the sett on a pitch-dark night when the badger is out on his long forage. A net or a bag is pushed into the hole, and, calling all his wood-craft to aid, the hunter waits, perfectly quiet and out of the wind, till the darkness begins to dissolve and the dawn to sketch itself faintly in the sky. At about this time the animal returns from his midnight ramble. The safe time of the twenty-four hours is at an end, but he has just a little less than his daylight caution. The watcher needs all his care to keep out of cognizance of the pig-bear's eyes and ears and nose. At the right moment, when Brock is near his hole, but not near enough to begin to find that it has been tampered with, the hunter discloses himself and sends the animal helter-skelter home and into the bag. Yes, it is a better, cleaner, and more worthy way of getting even with the alleged corn-roller.

It is due to a singular example of atavism that whether by night vigil or by the assault of hired diggers, the chase ends in the bagging of this quarry. The old practice, now happily illegal, was to keep the unhappy animal alive for the entertainment of baiting. The sport belonging to badgers was the baiting of a captive animal, and not the catching of a wild one. Those who caught them were but the panders of sport, as are those now who catch and deliver bagged foxes to packs of hounds that unhappily hunt in a country where wild foxes are few. The very name of "badger" is by some derived from the fact that it was only known to our forefathers as an animal produced out of a bag for the entertainment of themselves and their dogs. The sport which once began at the bag now ends there. When our stalwart diggers have dug till they perspired and perspired again, have been refreshed with beer, and heartened by the ever-growing noise of the quarrelling dogs, at last the poor invaded beast breaks into the open. There is shouting, snarling, barking, canine anger, reaching for tongs and other long-arm instruments, and at length the bundling of poor Brock into his bag.

What is to be done next? Suddenly the vista grows dim. We have run along the trail left for instinct by ancestral usage, and now it ends. There is no public-house yard with a nice barrel in it, and a badger always at home to be drawn or not drawn by the first dog that one may like to have a wager about. That has all been stopped by a meddlesome humanitarian Government. And here is our badger bagged, and nothing to do with it. It is scarcely credible that this strange "sport" ends with the taking home of the prisoner, and his murder in cold blood. Yes; he must be bagged, for is he not a badger? He must be taken home, because he always has been taken home, and, since he has been hunted because of his propensity to roll corn down, he

cannot be set free again, and so he must be murdered. "Shooting is about the best way," says the chief badger-digger when he is asked about it, as though drowning, poisoning, and the thrust of a stiletto through the bag were possible alternatives. Whatever it be, you can only call it murder. It were better to "let on," as Huckleberry Finn would say, that the creature was a wild boar, and give it the *coup de grace*, while the dogs are worrying it amid the ruins of its home.

There is an alternative that sometimes saves the life of the bagged one. It is transportation. There may be a vacancy in some Zoo, a nice barred cage bearing the inscription, "Presented by B. Digger, Esq.," where the intractable *Meles taxus* may sleep out the rest of his life. Sometimes, too, the diggers know of some quixotic person in another county who has no badgers, and would like to have one wild in his fields. We knew such a person, who owned a spinney in which was an ancient sett, that had not been inhabited for many years. There were no badgers anywhere near it, and he had one sent to him that had been dug up some ten miles away. It was released on the estate, but fully half-a-mile away from the ancient sett, but the moment it got out of the bag it pointed its nose straight for that spinney, and made for it in a true line as though it knew perfectly well where it was and which was the shortest way home. It may have been merely coincidence. It may be that a badger knows at a distance the geological signs that indicate the best place to dig a home, but those who watched it take its unhesitating bee-line for the only right place have often re-told the tale with admiration. Afterwards the animal travelled far, and brought home a mate from the outside country to share the home in the spinney, where badger-diggers do not come.

WEALTH AND LIFE.

VII.—WORK (ii).

CUSTOMARY methods of reckoning work, though handy in use, are also misleading, and are inadequate for determining either its real value or the intrinsic nature of it. Nor is the method of science likely to prove altogether adequate; for science, under its metaphysic even, though supremely capable of dealing with matter, is unable to seize on life: it swallows the gnat and ignores the camel, because it can't swallow it. Work is a function of life. What we want is a generalization, maybe not precise in the scientific sense, but wide enough to include work in all its variousness, its dovetailings, and its mergings into something else; brain work as well as manual labor. We want, not to dissect its corpse, but to view its living reality. We need, therefore, to express it, not in terms of its parts, however measurable—since neither a living being nor a living process is merely an assemblage of its parts, like a machine—but in terms of life itself.

If human beings were simply machines, absorbing a certain amount of latent energy in the form of fuel, food, or what not, and giving forth again a corresponding amount (less mechanical loss) of active energy, reducible to foot-pounds, both a definition and a valuation of work could readily be arrived at. It would only be a question of refining sufficiently one's methods of measurement. But human work is more than that, though interested parties and pseudo-scientific thinkers of the efficiency school insist on regarding men—especially working-men—as rather troublesome machines, requiring so much protein and carbohydrate, so much air and the like, together with lubricants in the form of enough hygiene to keep them healthy, enough education to render them more profitable, a dose of morality and propriety to prevent them from being needlessly offensive, and a modicum of religion to make them contented by promising them in heaven, if they are good, that is to say obedient, under a kind of deferred Workmen's Compensation Act, what is grudged them on earth. Then, if they don't learn and labor truly to get their own living and to do their duty in that state of life unto which it pleases their betters to call them—prison or a labor colony. But even beasts of

burden cannot be regarded as so much fodder, so much work; and human work, above all, though largely mechanical in its incidence on matter, is far more besides. Work has quality as well as quantity, both in its effort and in its result. Consciousness and will are of its essence. It partakes of the creativeness of life.

Suppose I work howsoever. . . . Making an effort, physical or mental, or both, I shall react either with matter, along the line of wealth, producing the material means of life; or I shall react with myself, along the line of civilization, again in the direction of more life, but by the amplification and intensifying of it; by qualifying its quantity; by that heightening of the sensation of being alive, which is, in effect, more life. And it will be my impulse towards life which will cause me so to act in both cases. But just as I am one physical and mental whole, every physical action having its mental side, and every mental process its extension into the physical, so those two reactions will be variously and indistinguishably combined, with work predominantly physical at the one end, and work predominantly mental at the other.

Furthermore, we are not solitary beings. Few individuals, few families, even in the lonelier parts of the earth, are entirely self-sufficient, producing everything they want, and nothing beyond that for exchange. All, except those who revert to the animal state, foregoing their human endowment, are attached, however loosely or distantly, to a social structure, whether it be one of the two great civilizations, Western or Eastern, or that of a feral tribe. In other words, I am willy-nilly a part of the more or less organized co-operation, which is human society. Instead of producing the immediate means of more life, I shall produce, largely at all events, that which can be exchanged for the means of more life; and into that process, money or credit will be interpolated as the medium of exchange, in order to facilitate it. I shall be paid for my work in a recognized exchangeable currency. I shall have thrown my work into the social or industrial pool, obtaining the right to draw out in return what I personally require, and the advantage of deferring the exchange to a convenient moment. At the same time, the effectiveness of my work has gained, or should have gained, that co-operative augmentation which has been dealt with under *Society*. Or, if my work lies along the line of civilization rather than that of wealth, qualification rather than quantification of life, I shall react with my fellow-men as well as with myself, thereby gaining that further augmentation of life—in quality, intensity, variety of sensation and of life—which an organized and civilized society renders possible.

But what is it that I have contributed on my part? What, in the end, and in itself, is that work I have done?

To say that work is a giving of life in return for more life, or the means of more life, is to express it in terms of life. It is a generalization which strikes one in the large as true, but which is difficult to prove formally, and in particular, just because our apprehension of it lies a good deal in the penumbra of logical thought. Nevertheless, an analysis of particular types of work, so far as they can be detached for examination, leads to the same conclusion, and language to some extent assumes it. When we speak of a man's life-work, or of a man giving his life to a certain work, we mean more than that he merely occupies his life with it; we imply that he does, in fact, put life itself into his work.

It is not enough to say that a man has given of his life as work, simply because he has occupied or obliterated so much of his time with it; because so much of his life has sped by while he has been working. That would be to burke the question of work which is its own reward in the shape of increased life; to describe by negation; to miss out, indeed, the work-process itself. Nor, again, regarding work as an expenditure of energy, is it sufficient to lay stress on fatigue, to the exclusion of recuperation, and the increased life, the increased ability, which comes from the exercise of one's faculties, whether physical or mental. Neither assertion can be the whole truth about work.

In the case of those occupations which are deadly or dangerous, or in which the workers are specially exposed

to industrial diseases, or are worn out before their time, the direct giving of life in its most obvious sense is very evident. And it is to be remembered that the wastage of life in modern industry is vastly under-estimated. Only the worst dangers, the most striking forms of industrial disease, are scheduled in statistics, which themselves, probably, are very imperfect, since they take but little count of those who drop out of work to die afterwards, or who suffer from diseases indirectly brought on by their work and conditions of life. In 1908, in the United Kingdom, 4,238 fatal cases of industrial accident and disease were reported, and 299,727 cases non-fatal or not immediately fatal—to say nothing of the unreported cases. Moreover, as Mr. Chiozza Money has pointed out, neither industrial phthisis (nor yet the tuberculosis attributable to dwelling in working-class quarters on working-class wages), nor industrial degeneracy, appears in the statistics. It is a commonplace that the worker under modern conditions wears out earlier; and of working women and wives, on whom so much of the strain actually falls, it may be said that as a class they age prematurely. Their rate of recuperation fails to keep pace with their expenditure of energy in merely living as best they can. The figures, large though they are, not only very greatly under-estimate the direct, but practically ignore the contingent, giving of physical life in work.

The difference, however, between that undue giving of life and the giving of life in any work is one of degree rather than of kind. At the other extreme, creative artists and heavy brain-workers are familiar with the feeling that life has gone out of them into their work. It is, besides, well known that such work acts, for the time being at least, as an anaphrodisiac; and, apart from morbid conditions—certain auto-intoxications, alcoholic and other stimuli, too little occupation or too much opportunity—the activity of the reproductive function is probably the best indicator of reserve vitality or its exhaustion, as the case may be.

Nor does the fact of recuperation, or even that of development through use, controvert the fact that work is a giving of life, any more than a cistern ceases to be emptying itself through a tap at the bottom because at the same time and to the same amount it is being filled at the top. Hereabout the creativeness of life enters into work. Regarded as a machine—a machine which is self-acting and within limits self-repairing—it is in virtue of being alive that a man keeps going. Once dead, though quite undamaged physically, he cannot be started again. Something that life supplied to the machine has gone. It is as if the wiring had broken down between an electric motor and the great accumulator whence comes the living impulse. In so far, too, as use and recuperation are not simultaneous, recuperation takes time, during which we cannot live so much as if, so to speak, we were fully recuperated up. About a third of our life is spent in the recuperative unconsciousness of sleep, wherein the process of living is reduced to a minimum. Recuperation, as well as use or work, demands an expenditure of vital energy; the assimilation of food, for example, to supply material energy from an external source, requires also an expenditure of internal energy, both material and vital; and the indications are that we come into the world possessed of a certain life-potential, which is gradually used up alike by work, by exercise, and by recuperation. The dual process may best be likened, not to a see-saw, but to a spiral around which we swing in big or little circles, according as we live hard or vegetate—give of life, and obtain life, in large or small amount—descending, however, all the time towards the final exhaustion of our individual life in death. Whether the reward of work (as life) is immediate or deferred, adequate or inadequate, still, physically, the giving of life is a fundamental part of the process.

Again—in the direction of quality of life—if physical effort is the main factor in labor, attention appears to be the main factor in mental work. Given the requisite attention, thoughts seem to think themselves without effort—as might be anticipated *a priori* if there is truth in the theory of brain as the instrument

whereby mind impinges on matter, rather than as the source itself of mind and thought. But over and above the mental or nervous effort of attention—in which respect it is on a par with the physical effort of labor—there is this. After great mental concentration, one wakes up, as it were, to find not so much that time has gone by quickly, as that it has dropped out altogether. Consciousness, by which life is perceived—by which, indeed, it is *lived*—has narrowed itself, to the exclusion of life's breadth and variety of sensation, like a light so condensed to a point that the rest of the room is left in comparative darkness. Whether or no the attention carries its own reward, in the shape of more intensity of life, there has yet been a restriction of consciousness, a giving of life.

Thus, the three leading characteristics of work—effort, attention, and subordination of initiative to a purpose—each involves a giving of life. But it obviously makes all the difference whether they lie in the mainstream of one's life; whether, as it were, they express the totality of one's will; or whether they are a back-flowing eddy, a deflection of one's life for a subsequent advantage. I may, for instance, work because I want to, obtaining directly more life from a sort of work that is its own reward; or I may work because I have got to, in order to obtain more life or the means of more life in the future. It is here that we come upon the qualitative creativeness, the cumulative nature, of life and its activities, and also the very indeterminate boundary between work and play. We live by living, so to speak, and life increases itself by expressing itself in its own activities. Play pure and simple is nothing else than that. "Who-soever will save his life shall lose it: but whosoever will lose his life . . . the same shall save it," is profoundly true of this life, let alone of any other. It is only by giving life that we gain and increase it, and, roughly, as we give, so we gain. But that giving and gaining is not to be regarded as a kind of profit and loss account. Rather it is like the rolling of a wheel, the under side of which goes backwards while the top goes forwards, and the wheel as a whole advances.

STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

Music.

ARNOLD SCHÖNBERG'S EXPERIMENT.

MUSICAL critics have been called hard names for not having delivered definite opinions of Arnold Schönberg's Five Orchestral Pieces. The public that writes to the newspapers does not seem to understand that these extraordinary compositions are not to be critically dismissed with crude and school-masterish good or bad marks. The more musical the listener in a technical sense, the less can he feel disposed to dogmatize on the achievement of Arnold Schönberg. If we accept these five orchestral pieces as music, we are tacitly accepting a revolution of the art of music, and some of us, strangely enough, do not consider that an art built up by many generations of men can be revolutionized for good by one man. The result must be anarchy. Instead of abusing the critics, we should be glad that they do not accept eccentricities with superficial facility. At the same time, the critic and the musician are apt to hear music with a brain too prone to analysis. It is natural that should be so, but it is also certain that what Wagner called the "class musician" is not always the best judge of a new manifestation of the art of music. He hears so much more than the public hears that he ends by hearing nothing at all; his focus of vision is so narrow that he cannot see the wood for the trees. In estimating Schönberg's Five Orchestral Pieces, I would not (if I could) analyse them technically, for it seems to me that, at this stage of our appreciation of his genius, it is better to write of it from the point of view of the effect the music makes on an experienced and sensitive musical

mind. If all the theorists in the world were to state that this music is execrable it would not affect the impression I gained from hearing it, although I admit that critics and musicians have every right to refuse acceptance of it as art.

The word "genius" has just been used. With a knowledge of all that word means, I write it with full intention. No one who has heard Schönberg's Sextet in D minor has any right to withhold that high praise from a man who can write such beautiful, emotional, and original music. Then there is the later quartet, Op. 7, which has also been performed in London. We have not yet heard his "Gurre-Lieder" or the Kammer-symphonie, but the two works which had been played here before the composer conducted the Five Orchestral Pieces are sufficient proof that we have to deal with a man of genius who has great technical ability and something fresh to say. It is necessary to make that statement. Whatever the Five Orchestral Pieces may or may not be, they are the work of a man who knows what he is doing. He has the right to demand his passport as an explorer in unknown realms of art; he has the right to be judged as a genius and not as a charlatan. What, then, has this gifted musician desired to say to us in his Five Orchestral Pieces? It does not seem such a very difficult question to answer, however puzzling some of the aspects of these experiments in music may be. It is simply what every great original genius has tried to do: to extend the power of music as an emotional expression. That has always been the aim of the creative composer. Much has been written on the nature of music and its psychology, and yet we are not much nearer to the understanding of this wonderful art. To those whose brains appreciate music at all, it has always had a vague meaning. There is something within us that needs and finds its expression in music, and to that something music appeals. Words are powerless to describe it, and that is why musical criticism must always be more or less futile. It is also the reason why music has had to make its own logic for extended utterance. That logic of harmony, melody, and rhythm is essential. There must be form in all human achievements. The form of music has been spun out of itself, and is not always the essential or even the natural form for the thing the composer wishes to express. As a result, many writers of music have sought for less arbitrary forms for their art. They have tried to bring it back to the essential something to be expressed by making it follow "programmes," or by marrying it to drama, thus making the scaffolding of musical form itself less necessary. Another type of musician dotes on the self-centred pattern of music, weaving symmetrical designs of beautiful sound. There have always been these two classes of composers, and there always will be while man delights in the making of beautiful and symmetrical sound. To those who feel in their inmost being that music is a soul-language, the beautiful patterning has never been the one end of the art. Schönberg, as far as he has gone in his development, has shown that he, too, is striving to make music which shall be independent of the unessential form spun out of the art itself. In the Sextet he is frankly a programme composer. Richard Dehmel's poem, "Verklärte Nacht," describing how a woman, in anguish of mind, confesses to her lover that she has had a child by another man and is forgiven, is the actual form of the composition as to its main design. You hear the dialogue between the man and the woman right through the Sextet. Possibly the composer came to the conclusion that in such definite programme-music he was making this mysterious, emotional art too objective, and therefore was limiting its psychological originality, so that it was no longer self-contained. At any rate, in his later work, the Quartet Opus 7, he wrote music entirely independent of a programme. But here he possibly found himself up against the unessential logic of musical patterning. He had become more subjective, but at the same time the exigencies of music-making marred the freedom of his expression of the "something" in his mind he needed to express. That is the *cul de sac* of music. On the one hand, the illustration of a programme imports into music something foreign to it; on the other

hand, music built entirely out of itself is obliged to fall into patterns, and to conform to a logic which is not essentially emotional or expressive of a state of mind or soul.

It was then, I take it, that Schönberg experimented in what may be called crude music. Was it not possible to write compositions which should embody the musical thought of a man's mind without making that expression conform to a logic which had no being in his mind? Could not the moods and emotions which have their natural musical equivalent be transferred to the listener without being bound into an arbitrary form which was not natural to them? Perhaps this is impossible, for, after all, it is a kind of musical thought transference. Yet I think that is what Schönberg has tried to do. The ugly dissonance of which we have heard so much is not there for the sake of its ugliness. It is simply necessary, because Schönberg has desired to get away from the arbitrary logic of music. He is not aiming at expressing something "beautiful," but at notating the musical equivalent of his moods and thoughts. The ear, educated in music as generations of men have written it, yearns for some resolution of a discord, however remote. We cannot at present away with the obsession of the common chord. All the harmony of these Five Orchestral Pieces is designed so that it shall destroy any hint of fixed tonality, for that tonality would have made a musical form which, instead of expressing the composer's thoughts and moods, would have put musical logic in the place of them. For all that, there is form in these pieces, or otherwise they would have been incoherent nonsense. Schönberg is an artist, and knows what he is doing. The form is not harmonic but rhythmical, for the compositions are based on themes, however faint they may seem. There is wonderful polyphony and there is also a degree in dissonance, and the whole effect of each composition has a kind of harmony of its own, against which the more extreme dissonances are cast as splashes of color and light. Some of these separate dissonances seemed to me almost childish or humorous in the freakish instrumentation which helped to produce them, but, on the other hand, their outrageous ugliness made the whole texture seem more beautiful than it otherwise would have sounded. Above all, one was sensible that each of the five pieces was the expression of a mood or thought. There is nothing arbitrary or disconnected in this strange music. It is only that Schönberg has not expressed himself in the accepted phraseology of the art. As to the ugliness of the music, I think it has been much exaggerated. The composer showed by his conducting that he had no desire to assault our ears or to gain a catch-penny victory by sheer eccentricity. As performed under his direction, the Five Orchestral Pieces were delicate and subtle chamber music. If for no other reason, I should admire his compositions as an austere triumph of the pianissimo. Much uglier music has been made by Strauss, Debussy, and the Russians, and still uglier by the respectable composer who does not know how to write. Whether Schönberg will carry his experiments farther he alone knows; whether they can be made the basis of larger forms we may well doubt, for it is impossible to conceive that a big composition of music could be written with so little rhythmical outline; but as sketches or experiments, I must confess I found the Five Orchestral Pieces of absorbing interest.

E. A. BAUGHAN.

Letters from Abroad.

THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR'S REPLY, AND AFTER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—On Friday, January 23rd, the Reichstag had its say concerning the verdict of the Strassburg court-martial on the Zabern encroachments of Colonel

von Reuter and his lieutenants. Two interpellations were brought forward, one by the Social Democrats, the other by the Progressive Populists. They were both moved by members of the legal profession, that of the Socialists by a barrister-at-law, Dr. Ludwig Frank, the well-known revisionist Member, and that of the Populists by Dr. Franz von Liszt, the teacher of criminal anthropology in Berlin University. In several respects the Socialist speaker showed himself superior to his Populist colleague as a Parliamentary debater. The tall South-German advocate, in the prime of life, with well-cut features and pleasing, sonorous voice, has wit, satire, and an easy delivery, and he commands the attention even of his most inveterate opponents in the Reichstag. Dr. Ludwig Frank, speaking for the whole Socialist group in the Reichstag, asked the middle-class groups to grapple earnestly with what they themselves recognize to be a serious evil. Civil law and civil government, he told them, must be secured against military infringements. "We ask no revolutionary deeds from you," he said in a fine peroration, "we only hope that you may have the courage to apply the rights you already possess, that you may have the courage to be the victors. Gentlemen over there (the Conservatives) take the title of their rights from the *débris* of the past. We take our rights and our power from the foundations of the present. We, the mixed company calling itself the Reichstag, we, the *rabble* with the millions and millions behind us, we are the true and veritable framers of the German future."

Professor von Liszt is a man in the sixties, lively enough for his age, of small physique, and with a clear but rather soft voice. His concise manner of arguing his case gave him a good hold upon his hearers, and though he began in a rather empty house, he had soon a fair audience. In one respect he answered the best expectations: in restrained but forcible terms he tore the whole argument of the militarists to pieces. Referring to the case of Lieutenant Schad, who, at the head of eleven armed soldiers, had wounded a lame bootmaker in the head, Professor Liszt was courageous enough to state with emphasis that it was not the lieutenant but the bootmaker who acted in self-defence, and that consequently the latter, if he had shot down the former, could not be lawfully sentenced. Those and many other remarks of the speaker were certainly to the point. But as a good German Liberal, he took great care to protest that neither he nor his friends meant to go to the root of the evil. They were proud of the army, he declared, and wished to maintain the Kaiser's command and the other rights of the Crown over the army. But the Kaiser's command involves the whole exceptional position of the army in Germany. It involves the preservation of military jurisdiction by courts-martial in times of peace as well as in times of war, and in all sorts of cases which have nothing to do with military service itself. From a democratic point of view, the acquittal of Herr von Reuter under the Royal decree of 1820, objectionable as it certainly was, was less of a scandal than the fact that a court-martial should judge a case which turned on the question whether the rights of the civil authorities were infringed or not. And this undemocratic condition of things was silently passed over by the Progressist speaker. This made Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg's reply a very easy task.

The present Imperial Chancellor is not a winning speaker. A bureaucrat by profession, he lacks the elegance which enabled his predecessor to escape from an embarrassing situation by way of compliments and non-committal assertions, and he is generally a rather clumsy Parliamentary tactician. Otherwise, he would not have drawn upon himself in the debates of last December the censure of five-sixths of the Reichstag. But on this occasion he knew how to improve the situation. He did not defend the legal validity of the contested royal decree of 1820, but argued that, by being repeated in an instruction promulgated in 1899 by the Kaiser on the authority of his command over the army, it was indisputably binding on Herr von Reuter and every other officer in the army. He repeated with great emphasis that the Kaiser has ordered an inquiry into how far such details of that decree as were repeated in

the instruction of 1899 are still in accordance with constitutional rights and the principles of law of the Empire, and he said that the instruction will be revised in accordance with the findings of that inquiry. But whether the decree of 1820 was compatible with the principles of the present law or not, he argued that the mere fact that this decree had only once been applied during the hundred years of its existence may be taken as a proof that the army desired nothing less than to enter into conflict with the civil population. Members should, however, recognize that there are conceivable cases when civil authorities are not able or willing to quell disturbances, and that cases of this kind may happen under too great a variety of circumstances to be exhaustively summed up in a law or Act. Nobody desired to establish a rule of the sword. Neither in Alsace nor anywhere else was such a thing intended or advisable.

Thus, whilst he carefully avoided promising a settlement of the question in dispute by a legal enactment, and left the door open for a new instruction by decree, which expressly entitles the military to intervene in disturbances without or against the will of the civil authorities, the Chancellor took pains to make the non-Socialist parties abstain from any sort of co-operation in this question with the Social Democrats—i.e., the party without which no majority can be formed in the Reichstag over the Conservatives and their allies. The old policy of divide and conquer was applied to fortify the position of the Imperial army. And from the speeches which followed, it was soon evident to the most optimistic that Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg would succeed. Not only did the leader of the National Liberals, Herr Bassermann, a trimmer of trimmers, declare that the assurances of the Chancellor were sufficient, and lament the unconcern of the Alsatian civic authorities at the Zabern commotion, but the spokesman of the Centre Party, Herr Fehrenbach, whose speech on December 3rd had roused the Reichstag to a demonstration against the Government, told the House that his party agreed with almost all that the Chancellor had said. That the speakers of the two Conservative groups and their anti-Semitic retainers supported the military was a surprise to no one.

Your readers must not be deceived by the little demonstration of anger in the Reichstag on the following day, aroused by the fact that no member or official of the Government was present at the debates on the motions and resolutions proposed by the different parties regarding the rights of the military authorities. After a very short discussion, the whole Reichstag, with the exception of the Conservatives, gave its consent to the motions of the Centre, and assigned the more distinct motions of the Alsations, the Progressists, and the Social Democrats—the two former demanding the supremacy of the civil authorities, the latter the abolition of military jurisdiction—to examination by a committee of twenty-one members. This achieved, the Reichstag resolved not to pass to the next question on the agenda, viz., the continuation of the debate on supply, and separated after a sitting of little over half-an-hour. It was "un geste énergique," as the Berlin correspondent of "Humanité" justly calls it, but for the present it was not more than a gesture. Already the Chancellor has made haste to declare through the semi-official "Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung" that no slight on the Reichstag was intended, and thereupon this incident will most probably be closed.

The attitude of Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg on this and other occasions shows most clearly that the Chancellor longs for a good understanding with the middle parties of the Reichstag. The maxim formerly ascribed to Prince Bülow, "no inner crises," is obviously the guiding principle of his policy. Through his speech runs a recognizable disavowal of the agitations of the ultra-militarists. Their provoking speeches and their present attempt to organize a League of the Prussians (*Preussenbund*) with the professed aim of opposing the threatened diminution of Prussian influence in the Empire were real godsend to him since they placed him in the position of a moderator of these excited spirits.

The Chancellor knows that he cannot govern the Empire with the Prussian Conservatives, a diminishing quantity in the economic structure of the nation and a force only through their hold on the army. The army is a great power in the land; there is no mistake about that. Through its tremendous number of officers alone, it has conquered the middle classes. Its cultivation of a certain spirit of chivalry imposes on many minds among the intellectuals. "I have been over ten years a barrister at courts-martial," said Herr Fehrenbach, of the Centre Party, in his speech, "and I have found that their findings compare very favorably with those of the civil courts." If a member of the Catholic Party speaks thus, what could be expected from the speakers of the National Liberals? The middle-class parties want a more or less purified militarism, but they have neither the desire nor the courage to demand its reform into a civic force root and branch. They know that this reform would mean a political revolution. It would, amongst other things, include the total breakdown of the Junker influence in Prussia, which means the transformation of the historical Prussia into something new. And people with otherwise quite advanced ideas look upon this contingency as a sort of abyss.

Little can be hoped then from the deliberations of the new commission of the Reichstag. Progress will work on other lines in this country. As regards party life, it looks now as if we are going to have in no distant time a *bloc* of the parties of the Middle.—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Berlin, Schöneberg, January 26th, 1914.

Letters to the Editor.

THE RIGHT OF SEARCH AND RIGHT OF CAPTURE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is characteristic of the straightforward simplicity of British Admirals that Sir Cyprian A. G. Bridge, in your issue of January 17th, essayed to teach a distinction to Professor Brentano which is so elementary that it is difficult to believe that the Admiral is serious. "The right of search," he wrote, "concerns the interests of neutrals; the so-called 'right of capture' the interests of belligerents only."

Like many a good sailor, the Admiral does not excel as a sea-lawyer. He does not really mean that he would not search an enemy, for how could he capture without a search? What he means is that he wants to search everybody, but to capture only what belongs to the enemy. No doubt he does intend to abstain from stealing from neutrals. But the opportunity makes the thief; and can even he be sure that every naval man will always be as punctilious in practice as he is himself in theory? Mr. Charles Wright, with experience at Lloyd's, has a different tale to tell in answering him in your issue of to-day; and in political expediency it seems to me that the risk of inadvertently turning neutrals into enemies must outweigh the advantages of stealing. However, let us for a moment suppose all the Admiral wants, suppose that the neutrals are only to be insulted by searches, and not also robbed, what does the distinction prove? Nothing at all. Two blacks do not make one white. To search neutrals and to capture an enemy's traders are separate incidents of that bossing of the seas which the Spaniards tried so long, and our admirals want to try. Both are alike bad, a suicidal "rattling back to barbarism." The thing is as broad as it is long, so to speak, for if you give no quarter, you get none; and if you steal from others, the others steal from you; and anywhere and everywhere, free stealing ends in poverty all round. We cannot escape from the social laws of nature any more than from gravitation.

To do Sir Cyprian Bridge justice, he gives the only plausible argument that there is for his thesis. "It is not the

'hope of increasing British commerce' that induces Englishmen who have studied the conditions of naval warfare to desire retention of the right of capturing an enemy's merchant vessels. They desire to retain it because it is at once an effective, and by far the most humane, method of putting pressure on an enemy who, directly or indirectly, may force hostilities upon us."

The closing suggestion, that Englishmen are sure to be innocent and have hostilities forced upon them, is delicious and worthy of a sailor. But it is more important to note that the argument assumes the truth of the false Jesuitical maxim that one may do evil for a good purpose. The old fallacy may be once more exposed. It is never right to do what one knows to be wrong in the calculation that the consequence may be satisfactory, because a man can seldom, and a nation never, measure in advance all the consequences of actions. "Consequences are God's" is a medieval proverb, and the most ancient Chinese historians and sages agree with Oliver Cromwell and the best of the Jews in assigning events to Heaven, and declaring that there is no rule for any man but to cultivate and follow his conscience. The history of casuists of every creed confirms this conclusion.

It is as wrong for ships of war to capture trading ships as for soldiers to make civilians hand over their purses. But it is "humane," urges the Admiral; and it is true that there seldom is bloodshed when a cruiser captures a trader or a soldier puts a pistol to a traveller's head. But surely only a British Admiral would need to be told that it would be more "humane" for the cruiser to leave the trader alone, and for the soldier not to rob the civilian. But it is "effective" he adds, in bold defiance of history. It would be very queer if it were!

"The Art of Virtue," according to Confucius, "is to judge of others by what is in ourselves," and Englishmen and Germans are so like each other that between themselves that art should be practicable. If Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge could only imagine himself a German for a little, he would surely be the first to feel that for English battleships and cruisers to capture German traders would merely infuriate the Germans and protract any war between them. That was the experience of the Spaniards when they tried to boss the seas, and shall be ours also in the future if we try it, as it has been in the past. Voltaire articulated the conscience of Europe when he called King George a "pirate," and it is certain that the piratical liberties taken by both navies in the eighteenth century embittered and protracted hostilities from generation to generation between England and France, till at last they came to appear like "natural enemies."

The fury of the Germans when an English commander stopped and searched a German mail steamer on the high seas in the Boer war, their wrath that any "corky commander" of ours should touch their steamers, would have led to instant war with England if the German navy had been what it is to-day. It was that very incident, they say, which led them to increase their navy; and it may help us to believe them in this matter to recall how "Jenkins's ear" infuriated England in the seventeen-thirties and led to a general European war. See Carlyle's "Frederick," Book VIII., Ch. IV., and Book X., Ch. VIII.

It is needless to doubt—nobody that matters can doubt—the good faith of our Admirals; but it is preposterous to follow their opinion on a matter of policy which it is no business of theirs to decide. It is time for those who pay the piper to call the tune. We need not go as far as Mr. Norman Angell goes in order to drop the policy of using the navy to "boss" the seas, instead of policing them. We need not think of Christianity or take a single extra risk. All we need to do is to agree to abandon all claims to capture or search other people's peaceful ships, and so behave to others as we successfully insisted that others should behave to us.

The righteous policy is also the economical one, and if the nation had not been heedless and absent-minded, it would have been the settled policy of Britain long ago.—Yours, &c.,

DAVID ALEC WILSON.

1, Broomfield Road, Ayr.
January 24th, 1914.

ENGLAND AND ULSTER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—If there is anything like civil war in Ulster, the responsibility for it will rest, as you infer in your article last week, largely with the Opposition leaders, who are attempting to foment a state of affairs which has serious features, but has been exaggerated almost out of recognition by the reports supplied by the English Conservative press to attempt to arouse English public opinion and frighten it into action against the Home Rule Bill. The Ulsterman is, as a rule, an excellent man of business, and straight in his dealings; but he likes the best of a bargain, and is most obstinate in seeking to have his own way. He has a large fund of common sense, and when he sees that his tactics are useless (after he has tried them all thoroughly) he has a way of quietly backing down and accepting the inevitable. I speak from considerable experience in this matter. It is shameful that these men should be made party catspaws, though many of them must be aware of the hollowness of much of the present quasi-military proceedings. A large number of the 7,000 who paraded at Balmoral last autumn were youths and old men, and some of them were in a semi-drunken condition.

No better testimony to the opportunism and poverty of intellect among Unionist leaders could be afforded than the pitiful attempt to stir up a simulated armed resistance which they know cannot be maintained after the Act passes, unless law itself is to cease to protect the community.—Yours, &c.,

BELFAST RESIDENT.

January 26th, 1914.

THE LAND CAMPAIGN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have not the very great advantage of knowing Mr. Prothero's book, referred to by your correspondent, Mr. Wyse, but from the account of it which Mr. Wyse gives, I should say its spirit differed from Mr. Lloyd George's spirit *toto celo*, even although Mr. Prothero may occasionally, like other immaculately respectable persons, speak of the ownership of land as a "monopoly." One would like to have Mr. Prothero's opinion on the question whether, considering the difficult times through which they have passed, English and Scottish landlords have not, on the whole, responded to his appeal of a quarter of a century ago fairly well. It is another question whether if they had managed their estates more on strict business principles, with less easy tolerance of impecunious or unsuccessful tenants, they would have met with as much grumbling.—Yours, &c.,

A. A. MITCHELL.

7, Huntly Gardens, Glasgow,
January 27th, 1914.

STRIKES AND THE PUBLIC SERVICES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Robinson's letter, I should like to add to my previous remarks on this subject.

The question which has arisen is that of the action of citizens in municipal disputes. There seems to be a supposition that we have discovered a new way of dealing with strikes which are local—namely, the use of the greater leisure which middle-class citizens can obtain to break the strike by temporary volunteer labor. As leisure is already a middle-class privilege, such a position requires consideration on grounds of social equity.

The argument that a community can "do things for itself" is in danger of being urged specially when municipal employees go on strike. But this is quite an artificial ground of action. Many workmen in a city, employed in private industries, are just as much servants of the community as those who draw wages from the Corporation. We can hardly use the mere fact of municipalization to place certain workmen under a special disability.

The community has to be regarded as a complex of mutual services and rights, whatever be the outward form of employment. The individual citizen, who has deputed to the Corporation the management of certain industries, ought, I hold, to regard the action of the Corporation with the same independence and impartiality as that of any other employer; and with the same freedom of criticism which

he readily exercises when the Corporation puts the rates up. He is not usually so willing to identify the community with the Corporation in the latter case.

The point seems to me of great importance that a citizen, in case of a dispute, should not take stronger action against workmen than he could take against employers; and the constitution of industry prevents him from direct action in a lock-out.

The Leeds strike is now a past issue, but it has raised questions on which we require earnestly to clear our thoughts. They are not easy questions, and the purpose of my letter was to show that the nature of mutual service is a deeper thing than outward forms.—Yours, &c.

M.

Leeds, January 26th, 1914.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Having read with much interest the letter in which "M." seeks to demonstrate that those who at Leeds stood for the maintenance of the city's services during the recent municipal strike were wrong in so doing, I am left with the conviction that the whole of his case against the citizen volunteers is based upon the fallacy which is exemplified in his use of the phrase "strike-breaking." For the object of the citizens was not to break the strike, but merely to prevent the suspension of certain necessary services. The two things should be kept distinct in discussing the propriety of their action. "M.," by treating them as inseparable, begs the question; and, in defending the workman's right to strike, he denies to the citizen the right to work for himself. He says, in effect, that you must not do such-and-such a thing, because you will thereby impede the efforts of a section of the community to draw attention to, or to enforce, their claims; at any rate, you should not do it without first assuring yourself that the claims are unfair. And then, after all, we are told that inquiry into this latter point is unnecessary, because it may be safely left to the workmen and the unions themselves to defeat any absurd claims. So the workmen must have complete freedom to adopt any methods they may think fit; and, however hurtful those methods may be to the city as a whole—whether by detriment to its health, safety, trade, or, one hesitates to add, convenience—the rest of the community must patiently bear it all, lest, by endeavoring to help themselves, they should lessen the effectiveness of the weapon which their fellow-citizens have chosen to use.

One feels that "M." has allowed his passion for the strikers' cause to obscure his sense of justice in regard to those other persons who form the great body of the citizens. Let us be careful to consider both sides of this question, and, if we concede the possibility that action by the citizens may retard the thrust of the men's chosen weapon, let us also remember three things—namely, that such an effect is incidental to, and not of the essence of, the citizens' action; that the strike is, after all, but a means to an end, there being no evidence that the intervention of the citizens renders less likely the fair consideration of the men's claims, but rather the reverse; and, finally, that, if strike-breaking were the object in view, other methods might be adopted which would be far more likely to be injurious to the men.

One cannot but regret that, before making use of his rather catchy but inaccurate phrase, "middle-class strike-breaking," "M." did not make a more careful inquiry into the facts of the case. The implication that the volunteers were actuated by class-antagonism is disproved by the fact that they were drawn from all classes of the community. As an example of this, I may mention a case which came to my knowledge of a volunteer whose father was one of the strikers. The father, during the strike, slept at his son's house to protect the "strike-breaker's" family from possible violence!

It is unnecessary here to multiply instances; but there is, in fact, abundant evidence that class-antagonism was not the motive-power of the citizens' action; and it seems a pity that "M." should add to the bitterness of the controversy by introducing this question.—Yours, &c.,

A. E. W.

January 22nd, 1914.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. John Robinson's letter in your issue of January 24th does not give much help towards a solution of the problem discussed by "A. E. W." and "M." Their letters were concerned with the general question: Have employees in "vital" industries the right to strike? Mr. Robinson's letter is concerned with the merits of a particular dispute. The Leeds strike did raise this question. The Corporation refused for a month to confer with the men's trade union representatives; University students, with the public approval of the chief University officials, intervened on the side of the Corporation against the strikers. It is pretty safe to say that in neither case would this course of action have been taken except on the assumption that any strike in a "vital" industry is wrong; indeed, the Vice-Chancellor of the University, when asked by the delegates from the Trades Council whether the students had made themselves acquainted with the men's case, made no attempt to show that they had. While, however, the Leeds strike raised the general question, it does not settle it; the men may have been wrong in the particular instance, without establishing the general principle that strikes of employees in "vital" industries must always be wrong.

To discuss the right to strike without reference to conditions of employment, as "A. E. W." did, is to beg the question; the right and wrong of a strike depend on the conditions against which the strike is a protest. Does "A. E. W." maintain that strikers in "vital" industries must always be in the wrong, because the services affected are "vital"? If he does not, his attempt to justify intervention against the strikers without studying their case must fail.—Yours, &c.,

H. C.

January 27th, 1914.

"THIS WAY TO THE ASYLUM."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The statement in Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence's pamphlet, quoted in "Short Studies" of your last paper, that the Authorized Version of the Bible was written "by or under the direction of" Francis Bacon is, of course, beyond controversy. But mark the words "under the direction of." For one of the least-known and most curious facts in connection with this bit of literary history is that Shakespeare was one of those who worked under Bacon. The proof of this is perfectly clear. For if you refer to the 46th Psalm, you will find that the 46th word from the beginning is "shake," and the 46th word from the end is "spear." This shows conclusively that the "illiterate clown of Stratford-on-Avon" translated this Psalm, and probably many others.—Yours, &c.,

F. G.

January 26th, 1914.

P.S.—Perhaps it is hardly fair to mention that the above fact was pointed out to me by the superintendent of a large lunatic asylum, and I suspect it came from one of his patients.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—That Francis Viscount St. Alban planned for the future revelation of his life-history and part in the literature of his time by a variety of inductive proofs, is evident to all who have made the subject more than a "Short Study."

Sir E. Durning-Lawrence has confined his attention to a comparative few of these inductive proofs, believing them to be sufficient. But it is unfair to misrepresent him. He did not affirm that Bacon wrote the 1611 Bible; but it is probably right that he wrote its prefaces and edited the publication.

Until our literary journalists prepare to investigate the matter thoroughly and open-mindedly, no great progress can be expected. Even THE NATION, the organ of Liberalism, flouts us. *Et tu Brute!*—Yours, &c.,

OLD SUBSCRIBER.

January 28th, 1914.

THE KINGDOM OF ALBANIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION

SIR,—We all respect Miss Durham for her work in Montenegro and Northern Albania. I hope, therefore, that

we may, without discourtesy, declare that she knows nothing about Koritsa and Epirus; or, as she would prefer to hear them called, Kortcha and Southern Albania. I suspect that she has never visited the district, and she has evidently been victimised by her Albanian correspondent. One cannot help wondering if he is the same who was lately writing such blood-curdling letters to Mr. Aubrey Herbert, and supplied him with the unfortunate story about the seventy Albanian notables that was recently exploded in the "Morning Post."

Miss Durham's correspondent, "an inhabitant of Kortcha," begins by accusing the Greek troops of generally devastating all the Moslem villages in the district. That a number of Macedonian villages were destroyed during the war goes without saying. War is an unpleasant thing, and destruction is part of it. Thus, half of the lovely town of Kleisoura, perhaps the most strongly built and most beautifully situated town in Central Macedonia, is in ruins. It was burnt by Djavid Pasha a year ago. Fortunately, he spared Koritsa, the next stage in his retreat, and so did the Greek Third Division that followed at his heels.

Frankly, I do not believe that a single Moslem village in the neighborhood of Koritsa has been destroyed by the Greeks. Possibly, one of Miss Durham's investigators has been deceived by the ruins of Moschopolis, a once flourishing city, that was destroyed by Moslem Albanian raiders in 1760!

As to Miss Durham's—or, rather, Miss Durham's correspondent's—charges of general persecution of Moslem inhabitants, I can speak from personal knowledge of the universal satisfaction that the Greek administration has given to all classes. When I was in Koritsa last April, I made exhaustive inquiries on this subject. In the company of the correspondent of the "Temps," who spoke Turkish with consummate fluency, I visited the Turkish *mufti*, a white-bearded old man of incomparable dignity. He assured us that he had nothing but praise for the impartiality of the Greek authorities. The *mufti*, by the way, was present at one of the mass meetings to which Miss Durham refers, to protest against the suggestion—at that time almost incredible—that Koritsa should be incorporated in the "Kingdom of Albania." This mass meeting was certainly not "forced," as Miss Durham quite ludicrously writes, "at the point of the bayonet." I did not see a single soldier present, as the authorities scrupulously refrained from associating themselves with the demonstration. One of the chief speakers was Belul Effendi, an Albanian Moslem, who addressed the meeting in Turkish, saying that it would be an evil day for Koritsa when they were forced to exchange the Greek administration, which they had enjoyed for three months, for the rule of a "so-called autonomous Albania."

At that time the only murmurs of discontent, if any, came from the Greek villagers, and were occasioned by the fact that the garrison were actually occupied in attempting to restore to the Moslem villagers any cattle or other goods that had been stolen from them in the course of the campaign.

This letter must not be prolonged. I am tired of the Albanianate Englishman. Miss Durham will find some more notes on Koritsa in a little book just published by Mr. Martin Secker, entitled "Letters from Greece"; or she could obtain fresher information from Colonel Murray, who has only just returned from Epirus.

I will note only two other points. It is suggested that the Albanian language is forbidden. Yet one of the gentlemen who entertained me in Koritsa, though a Greek officer was dining at the same table, made no secret of the fact that, with some members of his family, he spoke Albanian.

Lastly, I see with amusement that Miss Durham is still dishing up that hoary old joke about Koritsa, "the educational and political centre of Albania"! Koritsa, whose Greek schools (self-supporting) number 2,500 pupils, and whose Albanian schools (Austro-American) 45.—Yours, &c.—

JOHN MAVROGORDATO.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Please allow me to say that the letter I quoted is not from "an unknown Moslem," but from a Christian. I have complete confidence in the writer's truthfulness; but

as I have not Lt.-Col. Hayward's faith in the Greeks, it is not possible for me to publish names. For this reason I cannot give instances of individual cases. My own experience in Leskoviki ten years ago was that there were many very patriotic Albanians there whose desire was to make an Albanian school. I wonder whether, during "the eight months of absolute freedom" which the "Daily Telegraph" found them enjoying "under the Greek flag," they have been allowed to open one. It was during a journey through the districts now occupied by Greece that I was, ten years ago, first inspired with a desire to assist the Albanian nationality. Everywhere I heard complaints of Greek intrigue. The appointment of Greek instead of Albanian priests was causing much soreness. Under "absolute freedom," one would be interested to hear how many Albanian priests are appointed, and whether they will be allowed to read the service in Albanian, as was then, I found, the wish of the people.

As for the quotation I made from a "Blackwood" of thirty years ago, it is evidence to prove that the whole of the district it is now the fashion to call Epirus, but which I have always known as South Albania, was then solidly Albanian in blood and sympathy.

Lt.-Col. Hayward cannot, surely, think that the whole population has become Greek in one generation. I purposely mentioned Janina, not because I was unaware that the Powers had ceded it to Greece, but because Albania, having had such a large and important place torn from her, the Greeks might surely be satisfied without demanding more.

I was very much disgusted by the greed of the Greek officers I met when travelling last June in Epirus. Not yet satiated with spoil, they were burning to fight the Bulgarians, whom they declared to be savage beasts, and worse than the Turks. One remarked: "The French proverb is true; 'l'appetit vient en mangeant,' we must take more and more." To which I could only reply: "Sir, those that eat too much get belly-ache." They were even then claiming territory up as far North as Tepelen; almost half Albania, in fact.

About "the slaughtered notables," I know nothing. But in such troublous times mistakes about the death of some individuals are sure to be made. It does not necessarily follow that none were killed. The Greeks, I believe, stated that the Bulgars had massacred people who afterwards turned up alive. But that does not prove that no Greeks were killed.—Yours, &c.,

M. E. DURHAM.

January 24th, 1914.

THE PURCHASING POWER OF GOLD.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Adverting again to Mr. Stephen Reynolds's statement, in a recent issue of your journal, that the Board of Trade had announced that since 1906 the purchasing power of the sovereign had fallen to about 15s. 6d., I have now received from the Board of Trade the "Sixteenth Abstract of Labor Statistics" dealing with the period 1905-12, and if Mr. Reynolds will turn to pages 156-7 of the "Abstract," he will find that the percentage increase of rents and retail food prices combined, and ranging from London down to representative towns of under 50,000 inhabitants, amounts on an average to, as nearly as possible, 11½ per cent., or a fall of 2s. 3d. (not 4s. 6d.) in the purchasing power of the sovereign.

As indicated in my letter which you were good enough to print some weeks ago, I seriously questioned Mr. Reynolds's statement which he announced as a "fact." Approximate estimates are permissible, but serious exaggerations of this type must not be allowed to pass, and therefore I venture to trouble you with this second letter, which, I think, announces a "fact" and not a fallacy.—Yours, &c.,

SUPER-TAX.

FAIR TRADE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—IN THE NATION, it seems almost unnecessary to argue the point that an import duty is paid by the consumer. But this question is raised in your issue of January

10th by the statement of Mr. Immo S. Allen that, under a system of Fair Trade, the foreigner will pay his share of the upkeep of the home market in the form of an import duty.

Mr. Allen admits that the result of free imports "may be reduced cost to the consumer." This is only another form of the admission that the result of an import duty "may be" increased cost to the consumer. As a result of competition, commodities are sold at as low a price as is compatible with a reasonable profit. There is no reason to suppose that the imposition of an import duty will cause the foreigner to be content with a smaller profit than hitherto, and to continue to obtain an undiminished profit, the price must be increased by the amount of the import duty. It would thus seem that, as long as the duty does not completely kill foreign trade, it must bring about an increase in price to the consumer equal to the amount of the duty.

Under a system of free imports, the burthen of the upkeep of the home market will be borne by us entirely as direct taxation; whilst under a system of import duties, the full charge will still fall upon this country, but partly as direct and partly as indirect taxation. It must, however, be remembered that under the latter system an additional burthen will be placed upon the consumer equal to the increased amount paid for the home product as a result of the imposition of the duty. This additional burthen will pass, not to the National Exchequer, but to the pockets of the home producers.

A system of free trade in agricultural produce, combined with import duties upon manufactured articles, must be less favorable to the farmers than the existing system of free imports, both of farm produce and of manufactured commodities. For the increased prices of the protected articles will hit the farmers somewhere—if not in the price of their raw material, at least in their personal expenditure.—Yours, &c.,

L. LEIGH SMITH.

Trevena, Headley, Bordon.

RUSSIAN POLITICAL PRISONERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is sincerely to be hoped that no response will be made to the suggestion of one or more of your correspondents, that this country should interfere to influence the Russian Government in its treatment of a prisoner in Siberia. What on earth we have got to do with the internal affairs of Russia I fail to see, especially as there is abundant proof that we do not manage our own at all too well; and of all countries in the world Russia is the one that we have least right to meddle with, for the excellent reason that an overwhelming majority of English people understand nothing whatever about her. Russia is ruled with a strong hand, England with a weak one, and both countries suffer in different ways for the defects of their governmental system. The prisoner, to whom I have referred, has endeavored, I understand, to stir up Russian people to take an interest in politics; but if we are asked to believe that a widespread interest in public affairs is the best preventive of the ills to which a State is liable—and this, I think, is our notion in England—then England herself is the best refutation of its truth, so manifest are the evils of the hideous, mechanical, and really second-rate civilization that we have been building up so industriously, in the full blaze of public opinion, since about the middle of the Hanoverian period. English people are too much given to thinking that they can atone for all their own defects by shrieking about horrors, often more or less imaginary, in remote corners of the world. Let Russia work out her own salvation in her own way, and without our interference; all things being considered, it is doubtful if she will produce anything much worse than we have done.—Yours, &c.,

T. P. ARMSTRONG.

THE CHILDREN'S WHITE CROSS LEAGUE IN DUBLIN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May we ask for your hospitality to report progress of the relief work of the Children's White Cross League in Dublin?

For the past twelve weeks we have been able to look after some 1,000 mothers and their babies, thanks to Mrs. Rudmose Brown and her band of helpers, who convert daily the generosity of the press and public into bread and milk.

Mrs. Brown now writes: "Matters are in a most critical state here. The privations of the past twenty-one weeks are beginning to tell on the mothers and children who come under my notice. Those who have had a regular supply of food from here have improved immensely—babies who could hardly hold up their heads from weakness begin to take an interest in our doings—but still I have to turn away many with tears in their eyes, and pinched, starved babies in their arms. . . . The various gifts have been so much appreciated, but more are urgently needed—clothes, too, especially boots for the poor mothers, many of whom come out of hospital with no boots, and hardly any clothes. Up till now, I have been able to supply each new baby with a small set of most needful clothes, and I badly need more children's left-off under-clothing." (Which should be sent direct to Mrs. Brown, 74, Thomas Street, Dublin.)

We have to-day sent our last weekly cheque of £50, and unless further funds come in very speedily, we must close the centre on February 1st, but we are very hopeful that Mrs. Brown's appeal will touch many a heart, and open many a purse that cannot remain closed in the face of cold and hungry children.—Yours, &c.,

JANE COBDEN UNWIN, Hon. Treas.

BARBARA TCHAYKOVSKY, Hon. Sec.

Children's White Cross League,

3, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.

January 26th, 1914.

Poetry.

AN EPISTLE.

God does not fail in anything,
The ring-dove's neck, the beetle's wing,
The buds that turn from green to gold,
The sunny perfumes of the spring,
The colored patchwork of the wold,
The blue dusk dropping fold on fold,
And all talk talked, and stories told
In the long evenings by the fire,
And strength and laughter and desire.

Dear, when you come to me and say,
Do this, do that, I must obey,
Swift to interpret, to devise,
With all the gladness that I may,
So can I face the trust that lies
Within your wide exacting eyes—
Your beautiful exacting eyes.
Mending and fashioning I know
If you will have, it must be so.

Do not be over harsh with me
When, empty of all subtlety,
Stupid and ignorant and shy,
You find my small reality.
When on a sudden grown as high
(And how much cleverer than I?)
You put your games and nonsense by
To find me also questioning
And helpless of all counselling.

Ah, turn your puzzled glances then
From the unresting ways of men,
From tangled right and tangled wrong,
To where the brooks are loud with rain,
To where the birds are glad with song,
And with the world know you are young,
And with the ageing world be strong,
And unto God as faithful be
As in these days you are to me.

SYLVIA LYND.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Imperial Germany." By Prince Bernhard von Bülow. (Cassell. 16s. net.)
- "Essays on Truth and Reality." By F. H. Bradley. (Clarendon Press. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "The Contemporary English View of Napoleon." By F. J. MacCunn. (Bell. 5s. net.)
- "In Cheyne Walk and Thereabout." By Reginald Blunt. (Mills & Boon. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Poems." By Edward Dowden. (Dent. 2 vols. 6s. each.)
- "The Romance of Names." By Ernest Weekley. (Murray. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "The Minor Poems of Joseph Beaumont (1616-1699)." Edited by E. Robinson. (Constable. 21s. net.)
- "The Nature and First Principles of Taxation." By Robert Jones. (P. S. King. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Fires and Fire-Fighters." By John Kenlon. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)
- "Personal Recollections of Vincent van Gogh." By Elizabeth van Gogh. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "War and Waste: A Series of Discussions of War and War Accessories." By David Starr Jordan. (Unwin. 5s. net.)
- "The Threshold of Religion." By R. R. Marett. (Methuen. 5s. net.)
- "Pennell of the Afghan Frontier." By A. M. Pennell. (Seeley. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Cuddy Yarborough's Daughter." By Una L. Silberrad. (Constable. 6s.)
- "Napoléon et les Grands Généraux de la Révolution et de l'Empire." By le Comte de Lort de Sérignan. (Paris: Fontemoing. 7fr. 50.)
- "Nous, Les Mères!" Roman. Par Paul Margueritte. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3fr. 50.)
- "Die Lobesänge des Claudian." Drama. Von Hermann Sudermann. (Stuttgart: Cotta. M. 3.)
- "Napoleon's Untergang, 1814." Von Friedrich Kircheisen. (Stuttgart: Lutz. M. 6.)

UNPUBLISHED material of some importance, written by two famous English philosophers, has been discovered by Dr. Benjamin Rand, of Harvard University, during his researches in this country. It will be given to the public in two volumes, one of which, called "Shaftesbury's Second Characters," will appear next month. The other, containing the unpublished correspondence of Bishop Berkeley, is now being prepared for the press.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON announce the third and concluding volume of their English translation of "The Memoirs of Francesco Crispi." This coming volume is entitled "International Problems," and Crispi's account of the many evolutions of Italian and Continental policy in regard to the Near East, together with his reports of conversations with British statesmen, are likely to throw some fresh light upon contemporary history. The first two volumes of the "Memoirs" were reviewed in THE NATION for May 11th, 1912.

STRINDBERG has left a large number of unpublished writings—plays, poems, essays, and novels—several of them almost ready for publication. There are dramas or fragments of dramas bearing the titles of "Through the Desert to the Promised Land," "Dr. Faustus," "Merlin," "Charles IX," and "The Peasant"; essays on "Homer," "The Logic of Conversation," "Sweden and Rome," and other topics; an autobiographical novel dealing with his own youth, and several poems. Strindberg's library, which contains some valuable volumes, is now housed in a special room in the Northern Museum, Stockholm. Many of the books have lengthy marginal notes in Strindberg's handwriting.

Few living writers are responsible for so many additions to the world of books as the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, and though he is now in his eightieth year, his pen shows no signs of diminishing vigor. He has completed a volume of reminiscences, dealing mainly with the ecclesiastical changes he has witnessed, which Messrs. Methuen have now in the press. Mr. Baring-Gould's memory goes back to the middle

of the last century, so that he has something to say of the controversial storms that have broken out in the Church from Tractarianism to Kikuyu.

HISTORY is represented on Messrs. Methuen's list by Mr. J. R. Macdonald's "History of France" from the earliest times down to 1871, to be completed in three volumes; a fresh study of "The French Revolution" by Mr. H. P. Adams; and "The Speaker of the House" by Mr. Michael MacDonagh. The latter volume treats of the origin, history, and present position of the Speakership of the House of Commons, and of the characteristics and experiences of some of the men who have filled that position. Mr. MacDonagh has made use of official documents, but has supplemented the knowledge thus acquired by his own observations for many years in the Reporters' Gallery.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE will publish shortly a work on the "Export of Capital," by Mr. C. K. Hobson. The volume studies the economic aspects of the subject from the point of view of a big investing country, and discusses such questions as the causes of foreign investment, the way in which capital is sent abroad, and the consequences that result from this transference. The author traces the history of British foreign investments, indicating corresponding movements on the Continent of Europe and in the United States.

Books about booksellers and publishers are often valuable contributions to literary history, and Mr. W. J. Couper's "The Millers of Haddington, Dunbar, and Dunfermline" promises to add to our knowledge of the literary life of Scotland a hundred years ago. The Millers were a family of authors, publishers, and booksellers, one of whom, George Miller, was a pioneer in the production of cheap books. Another member of the family wrote the standard history of Haddington, while yet another was for many years the principal bookseller in Dunfermline. The coming volume, which will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, is based upon unpublished material, and deals at some length with the literary tastes of the Scottish peasantry as well as with the methods employed in distributing books in country districts.

THE influence of booksellers upon literature is, by the way, the subject of a speech by Sir William Robertson Nicoll, to be found in the fifth volume of Mr. A. C. Fox-Davies's "Book of Public Speaking," which was issued last week by the Caxton Publishing Company. Sir William Nicoll points to Dr. Johnson and M. Anatole France as two writers whose tastes were fostered by the books in their fathers' shops. Macaulay's early reading, too, seems to have been influenced by his bookselling grandfather. While his mother lived with her father at Bristol, she acquired a very confirmed habit of reading novels, and as a consequence young Macaulay was allowed to indulge in a similar taste, in spite of Zachary Macaulay's abhorrence of fiction. In his early years, Macaulay's favorite author was Mrs. Meek. His sister tells us that most of Mrs. Meek's novels turn on the fortunes of some young man in a very low rank of life, who ultimately proves to be the son of a duke.

THERE is room for a fresh English biography of "the great Condé" as, with the exception of Lord Mahon's "Life" in 1845, and a couple of volumes by Mr. Fitzpatrick, published over forty years ago, he seems to have been neglected by writers in this country. The task of writing Condé's life in the light of recent research has been undertaken by Miss Eveline Godley, and her book, which is to come from Mr. Murray, contains a large number of hitherto unpublished letters. Miss Godley gives a full account of Condé's military career, but she does not neglect his patronage of letters, and there are chapters on Molière, Racine, Bossuet, La Rochefoucauld, and the other men of genius whom he gathered around him at Chantilly. She has made a fresh study of the documents in the Bibliothèque Nationale and at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, as well as those still preserved at Chantilly.

Reviews.

A WOMAN ON BROWNING.

"Browning's Heroines." By ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE. (Chatto & Windus. 6s. net.)

THERE are no two English writers who have done so much to raise women above the level of the canaries as Browning and Meredith. Before their time, the only alternatives open to a woman in English imaginative literature were to be stupidly good or to be stupidly bad. Occasionally, there was a noble sinner, like Lady Macbeth, or even a noble lady a little nearer the angels, like Diana Vernon; but, taken as a whole, the female population of the plays and novels was little more than a clutch of Rose Bradwardines and Kate Nicklebys. The women who fascinated us were still fascinating creatures of the cage, like Becky Sharp and Beatrix Esmond. We delighted in their performances in the cage, not in any efforts they made to get out of the cage. When Browning and Meredith came, however, the first thing they did was, if not to open the door of the cage, at least to sing the praises of all the brave women who were struggling to do this for themselves. They refused any more to applaud creatures whose supreme distinction it was that they shrieked at sight of a mouse. They invaded our imagination, instead, with a host of ideal women, who could face not only mice but men in the contest for a place in civilization. In other words, they invented a new sort of woman—a woman whose intelligence, passions, and individuality could no more be left out of account than man's own. The authors of "Diana of the Crossways" and "The Flight of the Duchess" did more to make possible a reasonable relationship between men and women than a thousand pamphleteers could have done. They did not, as some pseudo-feminists have done, idealize a world in which sex equality would mean chiefly the equal right of men and women to commit whatever sins they please. They did not take woman down from her pedestal in order to chain her in a dungeon of the lusts. They liberated her into the fresh air, and gloried no longer in her limitations, but in the spirit of freedom which was within her. There are good reasons, then, why, to women especially, Browning and Meredith should be among the most splendid of authors. How many other English authors are there since Shakespeare about whose heroines a tolerable book could be written? Miss Mayne has now written a book that is not only tolerable but fascinating about the women in Browning. She could hardly do better than follow it up with a somewhat similar book on the women in Meredith.

Fascinating, we have called "Browning's Heroines"; and it is fascinating, not only in its interpretation of individual women, but in the skill with which the author makes those women live a second life for us in prose, though Browning originally gave us few enough materials for the biography of almost any of them. Browning was, for the most part, a short-story-teller in verse. Not quite that, perhaps, for he was the discoverer of a new form of art; but his art corresponds more nearly to that of the great writers of short stories than to that of any of the other chroniclers of the relations between human beings. Even those who do not like this description of the Browning monologues—those overflowing lyrics of action—must agree that for the purposes of biography only an imaginative writer could make much out of them. Miss Mayne possesses imaginative insight beyond most of those who have written on Browning. To her Browning's girls and women—the inspirers rather than the consolers of men—are more real than real people, and she communicates to us her passionate praise or distaste for their several kinds of reality with as much intimacy as though they were her neighbors. We cannot but think that she made a mistake in omitting a chapter on the greatest of all Browning's heroines—Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the heroine of "One Word More," and of those lines of majestic reverence in "The Ring and the Book" beginning, "O Lyric Love." Let that pass, however. There are probably good reasons both for and against the inclusion of such a chapter. As for the heroines whom Miss Mayne has

chosen to interpret, she has separated them under various heads, such as "Girlhood," "The Great Lady," "The Lover" and "The Wife"; and has added a fifth section entitled "Trouble of Love: the Man's." In the first section she has done noble justice to the poet as the first great English singer of the beauty of girlhood. "His girls are as brave as the young knights of other poets." "His heroines are, indeed, instinct with devotion; but it is devotion that chooses, not devotion that submits." "With shrinking and timidity the Browning girl is unacquainted." And again, in her appreciation of Balaustion, "the high, ardent girl," Miss Mayne suggests with charming enthusiasm the immortal qualities of what she thinks the greatest of these girl-portraits:—

"It is [her] passion for intellectual beauty which sets Balaustion so apart, which makes her so complete and stimulating. She has a mind as well as a heart and soul; she is priestess as well as goddess. Euthukles will have a wife indeed! Every word she speaks is stamped with the Browning marks of gaiety, courage, trust, and with how many others also: those of high-heartedness, deep-heartedness, the pure patriotism that cherishes most closely the soul of its country; and then generosity, pride, ardor—all enhanced by woman's more peculiar gifts of gentleness, modesty, tenderness, insight, gravity . . . for Balaustion is like many women in having, for all her gaiety, more sense of happiness than sense of humor."

Miss Mayne is less satisfactory when she comes to Mildred Tresham, the heroine of "A Blot in the Scutcheon." She seems to be unduly repelled by a sympathetic portrait of the submissive type of woman. She is offended by Mildred, as she is offended by the woman in "A Woman's Last Word." One feels at times, indeed, that, forgetting that Browning's genius was dramatic and not mainly apologetic, she dislikes certain of his poems simply because she is antipathetic to the characters who speak in them. More than this, she is ever eager to discover in Browning theories which will show that these characters meant no more to him than they do to her. She can hardly believe that he created Mildred Tresham in complete artistic sincerity. She suggests, as a cause of his failure with Mildred, that "he questioned the artificial value which has been set upon physical chastity." Now Browning obviously was not one of those eccentric people who would permit a woman to be as wicked as she liked, provided she was physically chaste. But what sensible man—what imaginative Christian—ever was? Browning, no more than any of the great moralists or mystics, was a materialist or a dealer in negatives. But is it not clear that only a devotee of chastity could have created Pippa and Pompilia—could have written "Evelyn Hope" and the first of the "Garden Fancies"? To return to Mildred, however, we find ourselves in sharp disagreement with Miss Mayne on more than one point in the psychology of "A Blot in the Scutcheon." We do not, for instance, admit the unreality of Mildred's pathetic cry:—

"I was so young, I loved him so; I had
No mother, God forgot me, and I fell."

Miss Mayne contends that the words, "God forgot me," are "alien to the passionate." This is to reckon without the sense of sin which so often accompanies passion—especially a secret passion such as Mildred's. It is open to anyone to say that Mildred should not have felt this tragic repentance; it is scarcely warrantable, however, in view of the part that remorse plays in human life, to say that she would not have felt it.

It is one of the merits of Miss Mayne's book that it keeps us continually alert, whether in agreement or disagreement, as we pass from one to the other of Browning's—and usually her—heroines. It is, we are sure, the liveliest book ever written on Browning, and no one can read it without becoming a partner in the author's delight in noble poetry and noble women. Hence, a reviewer feels a certain amount of regret at finding himself again and again arguing with a writer whom he ought in justice to be praising. But half the enjoyment of a challenging book of judgments like this is the arguing by the way. With this apology, we would earnestly protest against Miss Mayne's arbitrary dismissal of that masterpiece of moral irony, "Dis Aliter Visum," the second title of which, "Le Byron de Nos Jours," she declares herself unable to understand. As regards the latter point, does Byron here mean anything but the philandering man of genius? As

regards the poem as a whole—a poem of the tragic folly of people who missed the chance of loving, and philandered or married for convenience instead—surely it is illegitimate to deny, as Miss Mayne seems to do, the tragic element in the story, on the ground that “these two people did not love.” That they were close upon loving is the hypothesis upon which Browning founds the drama of the poem, and it is no more open to our question than the fact that the philanderer was “bent, wigged, and lamed.” Browning supposes here, as in “Youth and Art,” two people who had missed, as it were, the great chance of their lives. Miss Mayne tries to discredit Browning’s view of the case in both poems. We insist, however, that a poet has the right to make whatever assumption he pleases; it is only his working-out of the assumption that we may fairly criticize.

Among the other poems, in regard to which Miss Mayne stimulates us to energetic disagreement, are “Porphyria’s Lover,” “Mesmerism,” and “The Worst of It.” Beautiful though it is, we do not think “Porphyria’s Lover” can be described as a poem of “exultant love.” It is a drama of morbid psychology—of love insane, and jealous, and deadly. And not every woman, we imagine, will agree with the author’s comment on “Mesmerism”: “Could a woman ever forget the man who should do that with her! Would she not almost be ready, in such an hour, to die as Porphyria died?” Browning, if we may judge from the close of the poem, would have been sorry to think so. As for Miss Mayne’s commentary on “The Worst of It,” it is another case of her failing to like a poem because she does not like the attitude expressed in it. Having quoted the beautiful close of the poem, she writes:—

“I think the saddest thing in this poem is its last stanza; for we feel, do we not? that now she is having her first opportunity to be both happy and good—free from the intolerable magnanimity of this husband.”

One might as appropriately rejoice at Goneril and Regan’s being quit of a silly old parent like Lear. The tragedy of the poem, its utterance of the deep passion of a broken heart, is quite independent of whether we consider the hero a perfect human being or not. Magnanimity is only intolerable, moreover, when it is egotistic, condescending, smug. When it is the magnanimity of gentleness, of suffering—but Miss Mayne, we fear, has allowed herself a little flourish of cynicism in that last chapter.

One of the many excellent points made in the present volume is that, feminist though Browning in one sense is, he has not made woman articulate in his poems as he has made man. “With Browning, the woman much more rarely is articulate; and when she does speak, even he puts in her mouth the less triumphant utterances.” That was, perhaps, natural in a great poet who was feminist without being feminine. Still, what a wonderful gallery of women he made us acquainted with, sometimes through the mouths of his men—in “The Flight of the Duchess,” for example! In this volume Miss Mayne has gathered their beauty for us, and set it before us with grace, humanity, and wit. We are grateful to her for the most exhilarating book about books we have read for a long time.

THE TRAGI-COMEDY OF MAXIMILIAN OF MEXICO.

“Maximilian in Mexico: The Story of the French Intervention, 1861-1867.” By PERCY F. MARTIN. (Constable. 21s. net.)

By a universal convention—in its essence monarchical—the story of Maximilian of Mexico is treated as one of the great historic tragedies; in an irreverent and non-monarchical age, it would be regarded as an historic farce. As the convention, though obsolete, still holds, and as particularly three of the principals in the drama—Maximilian’s insane wife, who has been immured for half a century in a château near Brussels, his brother the Emperor Francis Joseph, and the Empress Eugénie—are still living, it may be more decent to insist less on the absurdity of foisting a Hapsburg Emperor upon a people like the Mexicans, than upon the guilelessness and unhappy fate of the Royal victim. Yet by any absolute standard, the recent shooting of President Madero, a sincere patriot and

Liberal, without offence and without trial, while he was a prisoner, was a blacker crime, and as far as Mexico is concerned, a greater tragedy than the execution of the Emperor Maximilian. One must not forget that Maximilian was not accepted as Emperor by the Mexican nation; his rule, such as it was, extended only so far as French bayonets carried it; the junta which proclaimed the monarchy, and the deputation which offered him the crown, were without real authority; the Mexicans who supported him were, with few exceptions, creatures of France; the Mexican Republic had never ceased to exist. Declared “officially dead” by the French agents, it was recognized throughout by the United States; and though President Juárez was driven from pillar to post by the French armies, and on occasion had to cross the American frontier, he was still in fact and in Mexican eyes the President of the Republic of Mexico. The execution of Maximilian was a useless, and therefore a savage, act. But that is the Mexican way. It will take many generations to civilize the race out of its intolerance and bloodthirst. In fairness to them, it must be pointed out that to the Republic Maximilian was simply a foreign usurper and filibuster, who for five years had, with the aid of foreign troops, drenched Mexican soil with blood. Moreover, Maximilian had not scrupled to issue his “Black Decree” (October 3rd, 1865), denying quarter to all Republicans taken in arms, under which many Republican generals and officers, and an unnumbered host of Republican soldiery, had been shot in cold blood. “Vae victis” is, to their dishonor, the motto of Latin-American factions; in this instance it was first applied by the Emperor Maximilian.

Maximilian’s proper course was to have abdicated when the French withdrawal revealed the hopelessness of his position. He was repeatedly urged to do so, directly and indirectly, by Napoleon III., and he had even made arrangements himself for abdication and flight; but his habitual indecision, or his pride, or the influence of his megalomaniac wife prevented him from acting on the advice he received, or on his own better judgment. Yet Maximilian was neither an adventurer nor a self-seeker. Indeed, his weak and even watery character had some nobility. He was consciously a Hapsburg, and as such believed in his own secret divinity, and, despite its auspices, that of his mission to Mexico. He was a three-fold dupe—of his own fantastic conceptions, the outcome of his upbringing; of the insatiable ambitions of the Coburg clan, of which his wife was a daughter; and of Napoleon III.’s tinsel and shady magnificence. Mr. Martin tells in detail the story of the Imperial adventure more adequately than it has been told before. His style of writing is sometimes slovenly and on occasion exasperating; but that is a minor matter. He has prejudices, and does not disguise them. What one objects to, is however, not his prejudices, which are healthy enough, but his romantic hero-worship. The Emperor Maximilian is ever amiable, high-minded, ingenuous; the Empress gentle, gracious, and ravishingly beautiful. It is a stale convention. What unhappy prince has not been amiability itself; what unhappy princess not a paragon of beauty?

Maximilian’s first aim on arriving in his capital was to set up a fully fledged Court. None of the Royal “properties” were omitted. He spent large sums of money on his Imperial Palace, its ball-rooms, banqueting halls, and grand staircases. He surrounded himself with a “Palatine Guard,” a magnificent body of picked men, none less than six feet high, in magnificent uniforms. He established half-a-dozen Orders, ranging from that of the Mexican Eagle (its highest ranks restricted to foreign monarchs) to a merely utilitarian Order of Merit. It is amusing to note, by the way, that Prince Wilhelm of Wied has already announced his intention of founding a Royal Albanian Order. Maximilian also provided himself with the usual array of equerries, chamberlains, aides-de-camp, and secretaries. The State was bankrupt, but the Emperor had no understanding of finance, and “the outlay on the Imperial household was unrestricted.” At the State banquets, we are told,

“There were usually between fifteen to twenty different varieties of wines and liqueurs served, varying from the light vintages of the Rhine and the Rhône to the more costly seals of Prince Metternich, Veuve Clicquot, and Röderer. The

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As one might have expected, the Mexicans, once the novelty was over, became bored with these stately ceremonies and formal banquets, and simply stayed away. "Some of the diversions organized by the Emperor and Empress," says the author, "were only sparsely attended." But the Empress carried the absurdity to an incredible pitch:—

"Her arrival in Mexico was preceded by that of a number of first-class French and Belgian milliners, whose effort it was to induce the Mexican ladies to adopt the European fashions of the day in deference to Her Majesty's wishes. The result, however, was very ridiculous, since many of the Mexican women, unused to the large bonnet and clumsy crinoline of the 'sixties, found the utmost difficulty in adapting these garments to daily use."

Instead of the graceful Spanish mantilla, they were required to wear the "creations" of Paris, and to torture and twist their straight, black, Indian hair into "unnatural-looking curls, frizettes, and fringes." A contemporary writes that "some of the ladies wore their bonnets back to front." One of the Empress's suite says that she had a childish joy in showing herself "to the astonished multitudes in her diadem and gold-embroidered robe." Not merely did the Empress delight in State ceremonies and in lavish expenditure upon finery and display; she loved, too, the exercise of power. During the Emperor's absences from the capital, the whole conduct of affairs was in her hands. Yet she was little more than a girl in years, and, as events soon showed, on the verge of insanity.

As for the finance of the Monarchy, Mr. Martin gives this table, showing the immense expenditure to which Maximilian committed himself, "without a thought as to how the funds to meet it were to be provided":—

International (mainly French) obligations	...	\$12,781,000
Interest upon Home Debt	...	1,200,000
Maximilian's Privy Purse	...	1,500,000
Empress's Privy Purse	...	100,000
Expenses of Imperial Household	...	100,000
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Total	...	\$36,681,000

The total revenue at the best of times was scarcely half this amount, and in the last year and a half of the Monarchy much less. Big loans were raised in France to keep things going; but (to take an instance) out of an original loan of 170 millions of francs, subscribed by the thrifty French peasantry, only fifty millions reached Mexico. The remainder went in commissions and expenses. Mr. Martin shows what a stupendous iniquity was behind that item: "International (mainly French) obligations," and how Napoleon III. played more or less the part of broker's man, and his illegitimate and unscrupulous brother, the Duc de Morny, that of usurer and agent of usurers. But there is no surprise in finding the trail of finance over Napoleon III.'s great Mexican adventure; the surprise would be not to find it.

THE DEBT OF DICKENS TO PHIZ.

"Phiz and Dickens, as they Appeared to Edgar Browne."
With Original Illustrations by HABLÖT K. BROWNE.
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PERHAPS it was time for the wide host of the Dickens folk to reconsider their debt to Hablot Browne. Well, Mr. Edgar Browne has helped them to do so in the most charming manner; and this handsome, instructive, and companionable book must mount forthwith to the Dickens shelf. It is guide and friend on its ever-happy subject.

Did Dickens himself ever quite take in all that he owed to Phiz? Really, we do not think he did. Let us try to realize it ourselves, and this we can best do by supposing that the pair had never come together. Put the case of a Dickens without any pictures. Such editions there have been (perhaps only on the Continent); but how much of

force and fun and fancy is wanting to them! Will the reader, for instance, be pleased to shut his eyes for a moment on Phiz's portrait of Mr. Mantalini, and do his best to believe that he has never seen it? It is very difficult, but if it can possibly be done, the reader will at once perceive that Dickens and Phiz are scarcely to be thought of apart from one another. Not to have seen Mr. Mantalini as Phiz saw him in the text of Dickens, and drew him, is not to have known Mr. Mantalini in whole. In a word, something of the immortal part of Dickens inhabits Phiz.

Those who were young when Dickens and Hablot Browne were young could probably perceive more clearly than we can how immense was the debt of the author to the artist—the artist born to illustrate him. They saw the great new joke, "Pickwick," coming out in its monthly issues, and the pictures that accompanied it. But very many of them saw the pictures first, for these were artfully displayed in the shop windows. It will be remembered that Seymour took the lead as Dickens's picture-man, and that he died before "Pickwick" was fairly launched. One of the happiest chances in the world (how it came about is not quite certain) brought to the notice of the publishers, or the author, or both, the young engraver, Hablot Browne, whose sketches were immediately accepted. Seymour's pencil had already created the Pickwickian group; and for his Mr. Pickwick (a master-stroke on a few very slight hints from the author) we must always love him. But the book itself was still languishing a little. We must not forget that the mighty Dickens was at this date an obscure and farcical young man of letters, just beginning to strike the fancy of his public. Phiz, of course, was nobody; but Dickens was another nobody, with, perhaps, not more than a sporting chance of success. In his erratic way, Dickens brought Sam Weller on the scene—and the book began to move. Phiz, with a sense unflinching from the outset of what was most to the public taste in his author, seized upon Sam; and the two caricatures taken together drove "Pickwick" home. The prints were hung out in the shop windows. "Hello! Hello!" says a passer-by. "Here's Sam Weller again!" And he dives into the shop and buys the new number of "Pickwick." It was in this way—the artist jumping in an instant to the level of his author—that our grandpapas began to take Dickens to their hearts; but we have been apt to overlook the signal part played by the artist in the venture that was by-and-bye to be rewarded with a triumph unimagined. We repeat, as emphatically as we can, that Seymour having died untimely, Hablot Browne was at this stage of the enterprise indispensable to Dickens.

Privately, we do not doubt that he was indispensable to the very end. Phiz's nimble, humorous, and infinitely creative pencil was the very one for the early- and middle-Victorian public. The most virile English caricature, while not losing its virility, had been straying in gross places. It had grown coarse and ugly, and, at its worst, was degraded by a certain vigorous obscenity. The "masterly moralities" of Hogarth we may leave aside, and need here name none but the two wonderful contemporaries, Gillray and Rowlandson, whose productions (Gillray's especially) we must continue to treasure mainly for their social and political significance. When, in the person of Queen Victoria, a young and modest lady was suddenly elevated to the throne, pictorial caricature and satire had simply no choice but to change its manners and its methods. Something was doubtless lost, but on the score of cleanliness there was a sudden and positive gain; and this lasted through the whole Victorian era.

One of the first touches of refinement comes in with Phiz, but he finds it difficult to get clear of the desperate tradition of the eighteenth century that ugliness was funny in itself. To please the public of Dickens's tentative and adolescent days, his new illustrator was lured into ugliness; and Mr. Edgar Browne shrewdly notes that for a long time it is by stealth rather than of set purpose that he brings a touch of beauty into his work. He "seems to do it on the sly, and rather as a concession to his own weakness than to open display." We are further to remark, however, that both beauty and backgrounds come in—or, at least, begin to be remarkable—with Phiz.

"There was always something bare and insufficient about the previous backgrounds, whereas Browne's became an integral part of the picture. Note, for example, the back-

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ground of the galleried yard of the old inn, where Sam Weller is interviewed by Mr. Wardle and his friends who are in pursuit of Jingle, how it takes away from the grotesquery of the crowd, and lends an air of beauty to the whole composition. This is carried a step further in a smaller inn yard in 'Nicholas Nickleby,' where Newman Nogge is saying good-bye to Nicholas. The sense of beauty is there intensified by the sketches of two comely chambermaids who are leaning over the balustrade talking to their friends below. This tendency to introduce a beautiful trifle in attenuation of a grotesque belongs to Browne, and is seen in no other caricaturist of his time."

Turn from these points to the vital matter of composition, and we again at once feel ourselves in the presence of a master.

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Mr. Pickwick being carried (in a sedan chair) before Mr. Nupkins, the magistrate at Ipswich; the children in Dotheboys Hall, to whom Mrs. Squeers is administering brimstone and treacle; Mr. Pecksniff amid the matrons on the doorstep of Mrs. Gamp; and the three great crowds in "Barnaby Rudge" are instances sufficient to set the reader forthwith upon the track. Phiz, in a word, rose instantly and with positive success to the situation created by Dickens. A hint was enough for him; his imagination scarcely ever fell below his author's; and if Dickens usually had something up his sleeve, so had Phiz! In all the wonderful Dickens history not many things are more interesting (or more important) than Edgar Browne's picture of the shy and quiet Hablot Browne, in his semi-rustic studio in the suburbs, evolving with scarcely an effort—and never a model—a pictorial scene that rivals the description on the Master's sheet of copy-paper.

But what chiefly attests the greatness of Phiz is his unflinching ease in embodying with the pencil the very greatest of Dickens's individual creations with the pen. Mantalini, Micawber, Pecksniff, Chadband, Mrs. Gamp (obviously one can but pick a character here and there)—are not all of these every bit as humorous in the drawings of Phiz as they are in the descriptions of Dickens? Is not the Quilp of Phiz—the real hero of "The Old Curiosity Shop"—as admirable a brute, physically and mentally, as the Quilp of Dickens? Micawber, Mantalini, and Pecksniff were each a test, not of the ability but of the genius of the artist who had to get as near as he might to the ideal of the literary creator. Well, what of Mr. Micawber taking the air with that face, that hat, those trousers, that cane? What of Mr. Mantalini, in flamboyant garments, chaffering with the broker's man? What of Mr. Pecksniff in the bosom of his family? These are among the masterpieces of Phiz—consummate realizations of the masterpieces of Dickens.

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A DESERVEDLY popular book on the Burmese bears the title "The Soul of a People." "Soul" is not the first word that leaps to one's lips when one speaks of the Chinese. But a title framed on this model would best indicate the scope and value of this new book by Messrs. Backhouse and Bland. What the Chinese possess is rather the thing which our own fathers and preceptors used to describe as a well-regulated mind. It is this exact and carefully disciplined mind, laden with maxims and precepts, steeped in codified wisdom and encrusted with self-conscious virtue which the English reader is privileged to know in this revealing book. Of the many recent writers who have explored the almost unknown and always fascinating country of China, two only have done much to help us to an understanding. Professor Ross went to work with the equipment of an expert sociologist. He knew no Chinese, and his stay in the country was comparatively brief; but because he knew

how to observe and what questions to ask, because he realized the part which economics play in the formation of a people's mind, and knew that there are women in the world as well as men, he wrote one of the most illuminating of modern books about foreign nations. The method of Messrs. Backhouse and Bland is the exact opposite of this. They are reticent in comment and generalization, and are content to allow the Chinese to speak for themselves. How they have obtained these diaries and letters in which the Chinese mind expounds its own workings is their own secret. It is enough for us that they uncover it as no formal historian or outside observer could do. If we were asked to name a document which exhibits Chinese morality as the "Apology" exhibits the spirit of Greek wisdom, or the "Imitation" the soul of Christian love, we should turn to the memoir of the Chinese official who committed suicide because of an irregularity in the observance of the prescribed forms of ancestor-worship in the Imperial House. The confession of this Chinese Cato is to be found in the previous book by these authors on the Dowager Empress. There are more of the same kind in this book of annals. The reader who would understand how the Chinese mind reasons and acts at its best, need ask for nothing better than the long letter (p. 174) in which the loyal General Shih explained to the conquering Manchus why he refused to desert the beaten Ming dynasty, and to accept their bribes or yield to their arguments. Rather formal, rather pedestrian, yet moving and eloquent in its stern logic and its conservative rectitude, it stands after nearly three centuries a great monument to Chinese intelligence and Chinese honor.

To know the mind of any people, we must study not merely its precept, and the great behavior of the rare heroes and saints who obeyed its precept, but also its hypocrisies, and its palterings with the great standard. The records of Chinese history, whether ancient or contemporary, have always made on us the impression of a rather unusually deep gulf between precept and practice. One turns with a shock from the wisdom and moderation, the mildness and the altruism of the code of the sages, to such a revel of horrors as the Taiping rebellion. Here in this book one chapter gives the correspondence between the Manchu usurpers and the loyalist General Shih, and it is on both sides the correspondence of men who were thinkers and moralists. The next chapter tells from an admirably vivid contemporary diary how these same Manchus sacked General Shih's city, massacred 800,000 souls, and violated every woman above the age of ten. There would have been less morality and no more logic in a correspondence between partisans of the Stuarts and the house of Hanover in 1745; but these massacres would be hard to parallel in civilized Europe. The explanation is, we suppose, that though all codes of morality are at a hasty glance nearly identical, the hasty glance fails to notice the differing accents and values. The Chinese code does not accentuate humanity as ours does; its stress is all on obedience and filial piety. Take it at this point, and one does not find the same glaring contradiction between precept and practice. One finds, on the contrary, a conformity which has no parallel in Christian ethics.

The narratives in this big book are of varying interest, and they are told by many hands, and in many styles. You may read how a Ming Emperor played at Haroun-al-Raschid, of his practical jokes on solemn officials, his charity to struggling students, his simple-minded and frankly sensual amours with village girls. You may read how a great general lost a kingdom for a dancing girl, and finally you may steep yourself as deep as you care to wade in the records of the later corruptions of the Manchu Dynasty—the intrigues of eunuchs, the jealousies of queens, the venality of courtiers, the illicit loves of the great. It is not a very edifying, nor is it often a very interesting, story, but it is the frank confession of the Chinese mind. We could have wished that the authors had given us rather less of the Forbidden City and its fetid Court and rather more of the stoical Chinese scholar, with his mummified wisdom and uniformed virtue. The result of their selection is that they scarcely carry us with them in their final chapter, when they deplore the appearance of Young China. The scholar's bias is inevitable. Messrs. Backhouse and Bland have found Old China interesting, and rare, and unique. What

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is there in the Young generation but a crude copy of something that we do better in Europe? From the standpoint of aesthetic values there is no possible choice. We all prefer Confucius to Kang-yu-Wei. But, on the whole, we incline, as a centre of government (or shall we say corruption), to prefer Westminster to the Forbidden City. A tree is judged by its fruits.

DOSTOEVSKY'S DEMONS.

"The Possessed." By FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY. From the Russian by CONSTANCE GARNETT. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)

IN the autumn of 1869, Dostoevsky was living in Dresden at the last gasp of penury. He and his wife, Anna, were reduced to pawning their linen, and the very christening of his new-born daughter, Lubov, had to be postponed through want of money. The novelist was reduced to pawning his clothes in order to procure two thalers for a telegram. And all this time it seemed to him, though quite unjustly, that Kachpiriev, the Russian publisher to whom he appealed again and again, was laughing at his misfortunes. "Do they expect me," he exclaims in a letter to Maikov, "to give them literature under these conditions? I walk up and down tearing my hair, and at night I cannot sleep a wink! I am always thinking and waiting and raging! My God! I swear to you, that I cannot depict to you my misery in all its details: I am ashamed to write it down." The following year, the strain is only slightly relaxed, and Dostoevsky informs Strakhov of an only too obvious fact: "All my life and always, I have worked for those who pay me in advance." And yet, at this very period, he was already at work on that strange and powerful book which was to be known as "The Brothers Karamazov" in its final form. "The principal question which will run through all the parts," he informs Strakhov, "is the same from which I have suffered consciously and unconsciously all my life: the existence of God." This is precisely the question which pervades that extraordinary answer to Turgenev's "Fathers and Sons," which Mrs. Garnett has just added to her incomparable translation of the complete works of this great Russian realist.

It commenced to appear in the February number of the "Rousski Viestnik" in 1871, and Maikov delighted the author by a critique of the first part in which he observed: "These are the heroes of Turgenev in their old age." Western readers, however, will probably fail to find in the pages of "The Possessed" any reproduction whatsoever of any Turgenevian hero from Rudin to Bazaroff. Against the terror of this book the irony of the older master appears pale, a mere gentle satire upon the surface of those monstrous and primeval passions which Dostoevsky was to drag from the lowest depths into the light. The characters in "Fathers and Sons," whether of the older or the younger generation, are normal human beings compared with such semi-monsters as Stavrogin and his ape, Pyotr. And though, like Turgenev, Dostoevsky holds no set brief for either one generation or the other, his verdict, unlike Turgenev's, was unequivocal to the most naïve reader of his day.

For the rest, in no book, not even in "The Brothers Karamazov" itself, does Dostoevsky pursue more searchingly those fundamental and national topics by which he was so persistently haunted—belief in God, and, moreover, in the Russian God, belief in the mass of the Russian people, belief in the slow process of regeneration from within rather than in any violent external pressure from without. Shatov is expressing, almost word for word, the personal convictions of the novelist when he exclaims in the course of that long speech to Stavrogin:—

"The stronger a people the more individual their God. There never has been a nation without a religion, that is, without an idea of good and evil. Every people has its own conceptions of good and evil, and its own good and evil. When the same conceptions of good and evil become prevalent in several nations, then those nations are dying, and then the very distinction between good and evil is beginning to disappear. Reason has never had the power to define good and evil, or even to distinguish between good and evil, even approximately; on the contrary, it has always mixed them up in a disgraceful and pitiful way; science has even given the solution by the

fact. This is particularly characteristic of the half-truths of science, the most terrible scourge of humanity, unknown until this century, and worse than plague, famine, or war."

There are, too, in "The Possessed," many touches of personal memory, and Dostoevsky is only too surely speaking from his own painful experience when Kirillov talks of these five seconds of exaltation during which the soul is so strangely illumined. Shatov asks him if he is not an epileptic, and when he answers in the negative, he warns him that he has described the symptoms of epilepsy and that he is in danger of becoming subject to the malady which the novelist knew so well. Again and again there are references to suicide, and here, once more, Dostoevsky's analysis is so personal as to be almost physically painful to those who follow him imaginatively. Readers of his correspondence know well that he is not speaking academically on such themes, but that often he himself had hesitated about continuing the sombre odyssey of his life.

But, leaving all this aside, it is the peculiar art of Dostoevsky to infuse emotion into mentality. When Kirillov challenges the novelty of an idea put before him by Stavrogin, the arch-demon answers: "I . . . didn't call it so, but when I thought it, I felt it as a new idea." This is exactly what the genius of Dostoevsky effects, and that is why he is able to vivify the most hackneyed situations with the impress of ancient fatality. At first glance, many of the possessed ones seem to be insane, but as the action progresses, one sees that they are only "fantastic" beings—that is to say, beings working out their destiny under a higher pressure than that to which quite ordinary lives are exposed. Such convulsed characters have no place in the comparatively serene portrait-gallery of Ivan Turgenev who is mercilessly caricatured in this very book. Such characters, indeed, become almost too inchoate for their own creator, who, for a long time, seems to view them with a half-mournful, half-mocking watchfulness, as though, after all, they belonged only to the world of Karamzinov himself. But suddenly, he bursts the meshes of this *espèglerie*, and in that moment, the human soul is seen as though naked beneath the knife of the vivisector, utterly sincere, uttering only the secret of its deepest wounds. All human artifice has been cut away. Like Lucian's ghosts, these strange creations have abandoned every single phase of human imposture. Compared with Bazaroff, such beings as Stavrogin and his ape are veritable monsters, but though Dostoevsky condemns them, he holds no brief for their opposites, the tepid people, who believe that they have won salvation for their souls by saving their bodies from discomfort. Dostoevsky had been exiled for eight years to Siberia for having been a mild follower of Fourier. Revolution was contrary to every instinct of his being, and he had been shocked by the outrages of the Commune, which seemed to him to illustrate the futility of Positivism. The burning of Paris did not make him change his national view of Russia's destiny. He did not coquet, as Turgenev was stupidly charged with coquetting, with the younger generation, those *jeunes* whom the older novelist was supposed to have insulted through Bazaroff, and to whom Dostoevsky could offer only Stavrogin and his ape, Pyotr.

In "The House of the Dead," Dostoevsky wrote the story of his exile in Siberia. In "Injury and Insult" he sketched the opening pages of his own sombre wooing of Madame Issaev, who became his first wife. In "The Gambler," he revealed his unhappy passion for roulette which had so often brought him to periods of utter destitution. In "The Underground Spirit," one of the strangest of all these strange probings into the human heart, he gave the world a study of the under-self, which is probably without a parallel in the whole world of literature. In "Crime and Punishment," he gave the results of his first-hand analysis of criminals in a book that was to be officially recommended to students of criminology. In "The Idiot," he interpreted the ideal Russian in whose moral genius, he believed, lay the regeneration of Old Europe. In "The Brothers Karamazov," he gave, as it were, the resultant of his life-experience revealing at the same time on a national scale the life-experience of his country. But the overwhelming importance of "The Possessed" lies in the fact, that it is Dostoevsky's final refutation of those infamously stupid accusations through which he had been robbed of eight of the best years of his creative power,

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I can only say that had I any relations suffering from tubercular mischief I should consider it my positive duty to urge them to try Dr. Alabone's treatment.—I am, yours faithfully,

—, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S.

The intrinsic value of this method of treatment for chest complaints has been proved many times over, the truth of numerous cures being vouched for by unimpeachable and disinterested witnesses, so that the large number of persons suffering from lung diseases need have no hesitation in adopting it in their own cases.

Nurses as well as physicians have written endorsing the above facts, and giving particulars of remarkable cures that have been effected in their own cases, or in cases of patients with whom they were concerned.

A professional nurse, who was herself cured after she had returned home from a sanatorium without receiving any benefit whatever, writes of her experience in that institution in a way which at once shows that she, like

many others, had no faith in the open-air "cure" for consumption:—

At the recommendation of a physician I went to a well-known sanatorium to undergo the "open-air" treatment. During my stay there, instead of it in any way ameliorating my symptoms, they rapidly became worse, till I was advised to return home by the physician.

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Twelve months ago I was dangerously ill; in fact, lay at death's door. Two physicians were called in consultation, who said there was not the least hope, and that the end was very near.

On hearing this my husband thought he would try Dr. Alabone's treatment, although all my friends thought it was too late for anything to do me good.

After a fortnight there was a change for the better, and I went on steadily improving, and am now glad to say in good health. I hope never to have a return of the disease.

I might add that I had been ill for twelve months, during which time I had the best advice, but nothing did me the least good. Towards the end I had tubercular ulceration of the bowels.—Yours respectfully,

C. NICHOLS.

Reading.

Sir,—I wish to give an outline of my case, in the earnest hope that some poor sufferer may reap encouragement in reading it.

In the year 1887 I was taken seriously ill, bringing up a large quantity of blood. I sought the best medical opinions, and after some months' treatment the physicians pronounced my case hopeless.

I then sought the advice of a well-known specialist in the treatment of consumption, who recommended change of air, but I did not improve. Another physician was consulted, and after a careful examination pronounced my case beyond medical skill, saying that he did not think it was possible I could live more than three months, consumption of the bowels having set in; and in this serious condition a friend advised me, as a last hope, to see Dr. Alabone.

I need not say how thankful we all are that we heard of him, for we did not think it possible for anyone to be alive and be in a more helpless condition. Friends said, "Surely H. G. cannot recover"; but, Sir, through Dr. Alabone's treatment I did recover, and have attended to my business earnestly since. Hundreds can testify how serious my illness was, and are amazed at the cure. I know another case in Reading which was given up as hopeless before he went to Dr. Alabone.—I am, your obedient servant,

H. G.

Anyone interested in the most important question of fighting consumption should obtain and very carefully peruse a copy of Dr. Alabone's treatise on diseases of the chest, entitled:—

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The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning. January 23.	Price Friday morning. January 30.
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SINCE last week monetary conditions have gone on improving, and yesterday, to the unbounded delight of the Stock Exchange, the Directors of the Bank of England reduced the minimum rate of discount from 3½ to 3 per cent. Thus the good old days of cheap money seem at last to have been restored after a long and dismal period of scarcity and depreciation. Yesterday afternoon Consols actually jumped to 76; nearly all the gilt-edged securities and Trustee stocks have been rising at least as fast. All the new issues which have any claim to be regarded as sound investments have been subscribed with enthusiasm by the public, and premiums have been established where discounts were the rule before Christmas. In short, the whole scene has changed, and hardy speculators have even attempted to put a little life into Mexican and Brazilian securities. But the news from both those countries remains discouraging. Bankers seem to think that low money rates are likely to last, at any rate, until the autumn; and, in that case, home investments, at all events, may be expected to appreciate all round; for trade remains good, and the fashion is obviously turning from foreign to British investments. On the other hand, new issues are coming out at a rate which may speedily absorb the new money available for investment. Moreover, it is said that a big hole will be made in the Sinking Fund by Supplementary Estimates for the Navy. Lastly, there is the unsatisfactory situation in Paris, which, however, has been somewhat relieved by the success of the first Servian loan. To sum up, it seems clear now that those who had the courage to invest at the end of last year have reason to congratulate themselves.

HOME INVESTMENTS AND HIGH YIELDS.

It is significant that in the improvement in investment stocks which has occurred in the last fortnight, high-class home securities have been at least as prominent as any foreign or colonial group; even Consols, for instance, have gained 4 points or so since the beginning of the year. This is in accordance with the theory expressed by many shrewd observers, who for some time have been foretelling a return to favor of good-class home securities. But there are many investors who like a high yield, and believe, quite rightly, that careful selection may eliminate some of the risk which a high yield is supposed to denote. This is certainly true of industrial securities, where a record of success forms some foundation for believing that the future will not be very different. No country in the world has so steady a record of industrial progress as Great Britain, where, thanks to Free Trade, a long period of trade depression, unless shared by the whole world, is an impossibility. In the search for high yields, therefore, the investor may do much worse than make his selection from the better-class securities of successful British industrial concerns, and some very good returns are now given by well-secured preference shares. Where a large ordinary capital, receiving a good rate of dividend ranks behind the preference capital, there is very little risk of a trade depression so great as to imperil the payment of the preference dividend, and practically all

industrial preference shares are cumulative as regards dividends—that is to say, should a dividend be passed at any time, it must be made up in full out of future profits before the ordinary capital may receive anything. Below is a list of preference shares of sound companies, showing the yields on them at present prices, and also the dividend now being paid on the ordinary capital as some sort of indication of the relative security:—

	Ord.	Div.	Share.	Div.	Price.	Yield.
			%	£	Due.	£ s. d.
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John Barker & Co. 5½% cum. pref. 12½	5		A. & O.	5½	5 0 0	
Bleachers' Assoc. 5½% cum. pref. ...	6	1	F. & A.	13-16	4 17 0	
Bovril 5½% cum. pref. ... 7 & 3½ (def.)	1		F. & A.	1½	5 4 0	
Bryant & May 14% cum. pref. ...	6	1	M. & N.	29-16	5 10 9	
Calico Printers' 5% cum. pref. ... 3½	1		F. & A.	½	5 18 6	
Dunlop Rubber 6% cum. pref. ...	15	1	Qtrly.	1	6 0 0	
General Electric 6% cum. pref. ...	10	10	J. & J.	9½	6 1 6	
Greenwich Inland Lino						
5½% cum. pref. 12½	1		J. & J.	1	5 10 0	
Holborn & Frascati 5% cum. pref. 11	10		M. & S.	9½	5 8 0	
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Newcastle-on-Tyne Electric			Mar. &			
5% cum. pref. 5½	5		July	4½	5 17 9	

All these companies are doing well, and their works are mostly in this country, though, naturally, their products, where they are manufacturing concerns, find their markets as much abroad as at home. The business of most of the above companies is sufficiently well known, or their titles indicate it clearly enough not to need reciting. The Associated Cement has recently acquired profitable businesses abroad, and its profits are beginning to grow at last to the huge capital with which it was burdened at the opening of its career through paying exorbitant prices for the original concerns. The preference dividend has always been paid, and the security for it should improve. It gives the highest return in the above list. Dunlop Rubber, with a sound 6 per cent. on its preference shares, is another good company. The business has fluctuated somewhat owing to the movements in rubber, but I do not think we shall see such wide movements in future. Last year the company paid 15 per cent. upon an ordinary capital of nearly a million, so there is a big margin. Another share which looks very cheap is General Electric 6 per Cent. Preference, which can be bought just about par. The company has been very well managed, pays 10 per cent., has accumulated very large reserves, and written its goodwill and loose tools right off out of profits. It sells the "Osram" lamp over here; the electrical industry is very busy indeed, and likely to remain so, as the railways are contemplating big electrification schemes. Calico Printers give a slightly lower return than Dunlop or General Electrics. Like the Associated Cement Company, they are a company formed with great expectations and a big capital. The ordinary dividend is only 3½ per cent.; but as it is paid on two millions of capital, it represents £75,000 per annum. Two of the yields in the above list are not above 5 per cent. One of them is a London shop, and it is remarkable that the preference shares of all the successful London shops give very low yields—too low, in fact, to be attractive. There is always the chance that the tide of popularity may flow away from a particular shop for no apparent reason, and in these days a yield of 5 per cent. on shop shares is not good enough. All industrial investments, of course, require careful watching, particularly when the concern is engaged in exploiting one particular article or a process which may be superseded by new methods, and when a company's fortunes seem on the down grade, it is better for the holder of the preference shares to change his investments rather than wait in the hope of a return of fortune. LUCELLUM.

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Funds Exceed £23,000,000.

Income Exceeds £5,400,000

Chief Offices: LONDON, 61, Threadneedle Street; EDINBURGH, 64, Princes Street.

LONDON COUNTY & WESTMINSTER BANK

(ESTABLISHED IN 1836.)

LIMITED.

CAPITAL £14,000,000, IN 700,000 SHARES OF £20 EACH. £5 PAID.
PAID-UP CAPITAL - £3,500,000 | RESERVE FUND - - £4,000,000

THE RIGHT HON THE VISCOUNT GOSCHEN, *Chairman.*

WALTER LEAF, ESQ., *Deputy-Chairman.*

F. J. BARTHORPE, *Head Office Manager.*

J. W. BUCKHURST, Country Manager.

Secretary :

A. A. KEMPE.

HEAD OFFICE - - - 41, LOTHBURY, E.C.

COUNTRY OFFICE - - 21, LOMBARD STREET, E.C.

FOREIGN BRANCH - - 82, CORNHILL, E.C.

WEST END OFFICE . . . 1, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, S.W.

BALANCE SHEET, 31st DECEMBER, 1913.

[illegible]

Dr.	PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.
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	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Interest paid to Customers	1,234,093	17	9	By Balance brought forward from December 31st, 1912	155,495	1	0
„ Salaries and all other expenses, including Income Tax and Auditors' and Directors' Remuneration	1,219,541	17	1	„ Gross Profit for the year, after making provision for Bad Debts and Contingencies, and including Rebate brought forward from December 31st last	3,748,244	2	11
„ Rebate on Bills not due carried to New Account ...	99,768	18	4				
„ Interim Dividend of 10½ per cent. paid in August last	371,875	0	0				
„ Investments Depreciation Account	250,000	0	0				
„ Bank Premises Account	100,000	0	0				
„ Provident Fund Capital Account	100,000	0	0				
„ Further Dividend of 10½ per cent., payable February 2nd next (making 21½ per cent for the year)	£371,875	0	0				
„ Balance carried forward	156,644	11	6				
	528,519	11	6				
	<u>£3,903,739</u>	4	8		<u>£3,903,739</u>	4	8

GOSCHEN,
WALTER LEAF, } *Directors.*
C. J. HEGAN. }

F. J. BARTHORPE, *Head Office Manager.*
J. W. BUCKHURST, *Country Manager.*
T. J. CARPENTER, *Chief Accountant.*

AUDITORS' REPORT.

We have examined the above Balance Sheet and compared it with the Books at Lothbury and Lombard Street, and the Certified Returns received from the Branches.

We have verified the Cash in hand at Lothbury and Lombard Street and at the Bank of England and the Bills Discounted, and examined the Securities held against Money at Call and Short Notice, and those representing the Investments of the Bank.

We have obtained all the information and explanations we have required, and in our opinion the Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us, and as shown by the books of the Company.

LONDON, 19th January, 1914.

FRED. JOHN YOUNG, F.C.A. }
G. E. SENDELL, F.C.A. } *Auditors.*

APPOINTMENTS VACANT.

SOUTHLANDS TRAINING COLLEGE, Battersea.

WANTED, a LADY PRINCIPAL for the above College, to commence duties on the 1st August. Candidates, who must be members of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, should apply for particulars and form of application to the Rev. Enoch Salt, Westminster Training College, 130, Horseferry Road, London, S.W.

WOODHOUSE GROVE SCHOOL, near Leeds.

WANTED, a resident HEAD MASTER for the above School, to commence duties if possible on 1st May. Minimum salary, £320. Candidates, who must be Wesleyan Methodists, and Graduates of a British University, should apply for full particulars and form of application to the Rev. Enoch Salt, Secretary of the Board of Management for Wesleyan Secondary Schools, 130, Horseferry Road, Westminster, London, S.W.

EDUCATIONAL.

RYDAL MOUNT SCHOOL, COLWYN BAY.

Headmaster: C. F. A. OGBORN, M.A. (formerly Scholar Trin. Coll., Camb.)

Staff: C. F. KEEBLE, B.A., St. John's Coll., Camb.
BRIAN SPARKES, M.A., Merton Coll., Oxford.
A. C. DYER, B.A., Emman. Coll., Camb.
M. C. PERKS, M.A., Oriel Coll., Oxford.
S. MOODY, B.A., Oriel Coll., Oxford.
ROLAND ROGERS, Mus. Doc., Oxford.
J. HANMER HUTCHINGS (Art).
Colour-Sergeant Instructor STRETCH (Gymnasium).

Illustrated Prospectus and full particulars on application to the Head Master or the Secretary, Mr. C. H. MITCHELL, 23, Lord Street, Liverpool.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATION IN MARCH.

Affiliated Preparatory School, "Caldicott," Hitchin.

CHANTRY MOUNT SCHOOL, BISHOP'S STORTFORD, HERTS.

Headmistress: Miss ESTHER CASE, M.A. (Dublin) (Classical Tripos, Cambridge).

Second Mistress: Miss ESTERBROOK HICKS, B.Sc. (London).
A sound education for girls from 7 to 18 years of age.

NORMANTON RECTORY, STAMFORD.

A few pupils received by former Assistant Master in large Public School. Special preparation for Exams., and general education. Home care and comforts. Bracing, open country. Numerous References. Rector, Normanton, Stamford.

TETTENHALL COLLEGE, STAFFORDSHIRE.

Headmaster: ALFRED H. ANGUS, B.Sc.

Most healthily situated, 500 feet above sea-level.
Classical and Commercial Education on Public School lines.
Modern methods.

For illustrated prospectus apply to the Headmaster or to the Secretary.

THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

EDUCATION THOROUGHLY MODERN; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 500 ft.—For prospectus, address: Principal, BRAUKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, R.S.O.

CROHAM HURST SCHOOL, near South Croydon.

House built for the purpose in healthy and beautiful situation. Aim of education to cultivate wide interests and intelligent habits of work. Special encouragement given to leisure pursuits and individual reading. Hockey, Tennis, Swimming, Riding.
Pupils prepared for University.
Full domestic course for senior pupils and external students.
Principals—Miss Theodora E. Clark and Miss E. M. Ellis.

PINEHURST, CROWBOROUGH (SUSSEX).
Country School for Girls.

House in grounds on edge of Moorland, between 600 and 700 feet above sea level.

Principal, Miss H. T. NEILD, M.A. (Viet.) Class. Tripos (Camb.), assisted by Miss M. MENNELL (trained by Madame Osterberg).
Prospectus on application.

"PERFECTOS"

No. 2

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

JOHN PLAYER & SONS

beg to draw the attention of connoisseurs to "PERFECTOS" No. 2 hand-made Cigarettes. They are distinguished by a superb delicacy, the result of a matchless blend of the finest Virginia Tobacco

10 for 6d. 50 for 2/6
20 " 1/- 100 " 4/9

"PERFECTOS FINOS" are larger cigarettes of the same quality.

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, NOTTINGHAM.
The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Limited

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NOTICE.

LONDON POSITIVIST SOCIETY, Essex Hall, Essex Street, 7, Mr. S. H. Swinny. "The Poetry of the Age and its Social Antecedents."

HOTELS AND HYDROS.

BOURNEMOUTH.

THE CARLTON. First-class Residential Establishment. Sheltered, unrivalled position, facing South. Lift. Night porter. Golf. New Management. Illustrated Tariff. Tel. 440.

THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye. Central. Board and Residence, 25/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) Hotel. Close pier; 1st Class; moderate.

SILVERHOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gardens. From 25s. week.

CRAG HALL. Board Residence. 40 bedrooms, lounge, billiards. Every comfort. From 32/6 week. Tariff. Egerton Hine.

BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), DORSET.

BOARD RESIDENCE. Every comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

BRIGHTON.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.

THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.

BUXTON.

HADDON HALL HYDRO LTD. 'Phone 4. J. Little.

CHEDDAR.

LEWIS'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL.

WARWICK.

THE "DALE" TEMPERANCE HOTEL. 14, Old Square.

WEST KIRBY (Cheshire).

WEST KIRBY HYDRO HOTEL. Facing River. Winter Garden.

WHITBY.

WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

WORCESTER.

HARRISON'S VICTORIA HOTEL, Broad St. 1st-class Temp. Tel. 312

[We regret that owing to pressure of space, several advertisements have been omitted from this issue.]



Let Others Speak for Us.

WHAT THE DOCTORS SAY.

Ordinarily the one word

h Pears

expresses in the fullest meaning the
perfection of toilet soap production.

This fact is borne out in many ways, and notably in the testimony which during its history of 125 years, men and women of fame and authority,—Doctors, Analysts and others—have given to it. Occasionally we praise PEARS ourselves, but the opinions here given will show that when we do indulge in the luxury

**Our Word is amply supported by
the highest independent authority.**

Selection from a countless number of Testimonials:—

Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S.

late President of the Royal College of Surgeons and Professor of Dermatology,
wrote:—

"PEARS' SOAP is calculated to preserve the skin in health and maintain its tone and complexion."

Dr. Redwood, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S.

late Professor of Chemistry and Pharmacy to the Pharmaceutical Society of
Great Britain, wrote:—

"I have never come across another toilet soap which so closely realises my ideal of perfection."

Prof. Sir Charles Cameron, C.B., M.D.

S.Sc. Camb. Univ. Professor of Chemistry and Hygiene, R. Coll. Surgeons,
Ireland, etc.:

"I find it remarkably good—prepared from pure materials, combined in the proper proportions. It may be safely used upon the skin of the tenderest infant."

**All of which forms indisputable evidence that the world-wide esteem in
which PEARS is held is a position won and maintained by Solid Merit.**

PEARS IS SOLD IN ONE QUALITY AND FOUR STYLES, viz.—

The popular Unscented Tablet for everyday use - -	Retail Prices. 6d.
The same soap beautifully Scented and Larger Tablets	1/- & 1/6
A large tablet, fully scented with Otto of Roses - -	2/6

A. & F. PEARS LIMITED, 71-75, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by THE NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London; and published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED at the Offices, 10, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1914.

